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See Tenth Page of  
this number.



A LEISURE HOUR.—By W. M. WYLLIE.

We call the special attention of the public to the new feature we are introducing into the FAVORITE in the shape of a series of beautiful illustrations, destined to adorn each number. Those illustrations are produced at great expense and are wrought in the highest style of excellence. While in no way altering the

distinctive character of the journal which remains a story paper and a vehicle of light, varied and amusing reading, we add these illustrations in the confidence that they will prove agreeable to the public and add considerably to our already large and daily increasing list of subscribers.



# THE GITANA.

[Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.]

LXIV. (continued.)

"What other motive but jealousy could have impelled you to fight the Marquis de Grancey?"  
 "The real motive must remain unknown."  
 The officer did not insist, but said:  
 "A few hours after the duel, you fled to Brittany, leaving your wife behind you."  
 "My wife had just taken poison and I thought she was a corpse."  
 "What was the cause of the pretended suicide?"  
 "Madame LeVaillant refused to follow me to Havana."  
 "Why this repugnance on her part?"  
 "She alone can answer."  
 "On reaching Brittany, you saw Miss de Kerven again?"

"I did."  
 "Did you tell her all?"  
 "I did not."  
 "Why not?"  
 "I did not wish to pain her."  
 "And you hastened your marriage with her?"  
 "I did."  
 "Without being positive of your wife's death."

"I had no doubt of that."  
 The interrogatory continued for a time longer and the feeling of the Court was evidently going against Oliver, when the hour for recess came.  
 On the re-opening of the Court, two men pale and covered with dust were ushered into the presence of the Judge. They were Tancred and Quirino who had miraculously escaped from the frightful death prepared for them by Carmen, and who, hearing of Oliver's peril, had come, through a thousand obstacles, to save him.

On seeing them Carmen knew that all was over. She exclaimed:  
 "Drive those spectres away—I confess all—drive them away."

"What do you confess?" asked the judge abruptly and eagerly  
 "That I am not Annunziata Rovero."  
 "Who are you then?"  
 "Carmen Morales."  
 "And next?"  
 "That I am the wife of Tancred de Najac."  
 "Not the wife of Oliver Le Vaillant?"  
 "No."  
 "And Don Guzman?"  
 "Is my brother and accomplice."

Without a moment's hesitation the judge made a sign to the guard who formed a circle around Carmen and Morales, while Dinorah flew into the arms of Oliver.

LXV.

THE SYREN

Not later than a week later, the trial of Carmen and Morales took place. It was rapid and decisive. They were condemned to death. The sentence was without appeal. There was only the interval of a week between its promulgation and its execution.

Brother and sister were allowed the privilege of mutual society. Throughout the Gitano preserved her character, whereas the Gitana was prostrate with discouragement.

One day she said to him:  
 "Do you want to be saved?"  
 He looked up confused.  
 "Have you your leather belt about you?"  
 "Yes. By a special favor of Providence."  
 "Take it off, and give me a few handfuls of money."

Morales did as he was told.  
 Then one of the keepers came and separated brother and sister for the day.  
 "My friend," said Carmen to the man, "do you want to win this money?"  
 And she showed four double louis.  
 "If I may do so without danger," was the reply, "I am willing."

"There is no danger. Only get me pen, ink, and paper."

These objects were at once procured.  
 Carmen wrote a few lines on which she traced the name of Quirino.

"Bring this man to me," said she.  
 "I will do so," answered the keeper.

Two hours later the door of the cell opened, and Quirino stood on the threshold.

He appeared impassible. He crossed his hands on his chest and said slowly:

"You have called me. Here I am. What do you desire?"

Carmen answered, radiant with beauty:  
 "You loved me once Quirino. I have wronged you once. Life is sweet. Pardon me. Save me."

The heart of the Indian was moved. The old voice, the sweet face, the form he had once loved came back to him overpoweringly.

He could not stand the assault. After a vain resistance of a few minutes, he was completely conquered.

"Carmen," he exclaimed, "all is forgotten and forgiven. What do you want?"

"A poison, Quirino. A swift and sure poison." Quirino had one brief moment of frightful hesitation.

He had the poison. Would he give it?

No!

"No, Carmen. You ask death. I will give you life."

"What, you love me still, Quirino?"

"If I love you!"  
 They fell into each other's arms.  
 It was a rapturous spectacle.  
 They parted at length. But they understood each other thoroughly. Alas! so Quirino thought.

The next morning, a monk appeared in the Gitana's cell.

Quirino opened his ample dress, drew therefrom a bundle of ropes, a second religious costume and a costume of guardsman.

"Have you any weapons?" whispered Carmen.

The Indian displayed two poniards. The Gitana took one, hiding it in her corsage.

The door of the cell opened. Quirino rushed on the keeper, bound him hand and foot and then gagged him.

Then Carmen put on the religious dress brought by Quirino, drawing the hood over her sweet face. She afterwards released Morales who donned the guardsman's uniform.

Slowly, carefully, and at length successfully the three crept out of the prison bounds.

Quirino was in an ecstasy of joy.

LXVI.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Carmen had agreed with Quirino that they should fly to England. Thence they would proceed to Havana and there be happy once more.

Meantime they stopped at an inn, on the outskirts of Nantes.

In Quirino's absence, Carmen had an interview with Morales.

"We must go to Paris," said she.

"Impossible!"

"But we must."

"And poor Quirino? you don't mean to reward him?"

"Imbecile. Paris is the future field of our adventures."

"How shall we manage?"

"Flee to Havre first. I have jewels and money enough left. Get a vehicle of some sort and let us start at midnight."

Morales did as he was bid.

At midnight, brother and sister leaped into a light caleche and sped away in the darkness.

The next morning they were on their way to Paris and safe from all pursuit.

Quirino finding how much he had been duped was for a time inconsolable.

To assuage his grief, he went to his friend Tancred. The latter took him aboard his coaster and they sought the Bay of Biscay in Spain.

Weeks passed.

One day the two friends were looking seaward. They spied an embarcation making toward them.

As it approached, they distinguished a young woman standing on the poop. She was surpassingly beautiful.

Quirino noticed the stupefaction of his friend.

"What is it?" he inquired.

"ANNUNZIATA!" exclaimed Tancred.

"What?"

"It is the daughter of Don José or her ghost!"

The boat deflected from the coaster and put direct to shore.

Tancred could not withhold his impatience. He must solve this mystery.

He put out his boat and went ashore. He then walked to the nearest hamlet. The first house he came to was that of a fisherman who told him whom the boat containing the girl belonged to.

"It is Juan Mondego," said he.

Tancred and Quirino went thither direct.

Annunziata was standing alone on the threshold. When she spied M. de Najac, she uttered a cry, put her hands to her heart and fell senseless into the Frenchman's arms.

When she recovered, she was calm. All was explained. The story of the wreck of the "Marsouin" was recounted. She had been picked up on the beach by the Mondego family, and had remained among them, believing that all her companions were lost. The Mondegos were profoundly ignorant and she herself had no desire to go beyond the confines of their poor village.

The sequel is soon told. Why multiply pages in unfolding the stories of the heart? Tancred had no difficulty in obtaining from the ecclesiastical authorities a release from his marriage with the infamous Carmen.

Need we add that he had no difficulty in renewing his old love with Annunziata?

Their marriage had been blessed of Heaven for a long time when Tancred's vessel cast anchor in the waters of St. Nazaire.

The young couple landed in a boat and were shown the farmhouse of Dinorah.

They were alone. Quirino, broken down by his last disappointment had set sail for Havana.

At the moment when Tancred and his wife entered the charming enclosure, the sun was setting in clouds of purple and gold.

Oliver and Dinorah, locked arm in arm, came forward to meet them.

"My friends," said Tancred, "I present you one who is risen from the dead. Annunziata Rovero, my adored wife!"

"She will be our beloved sister," responded Dinorah and Oliver.

And they opened to the young woman their arms and their hearts.

Tancred and Annunziata were happy. And so were Oliver and Dinorah.

Jocelyn guided the steps of two young angels, on the greensward, beautiful and blond as their mother.

THE END

## SAVED FROM A WRECK.

It seemed like a presentiment! At least there was something very remarkable in the fact that my countrymen and fellow-travellers, Dons Manuel and Domingo, should have altered their plans at the last moment of leaving England, and instead of returning to Peru, their native country, via New York, as had been previously agreed, decided to go by the more direct way of Jamaica. A thousand miles more or less is no consideration with such travellers as we Peruvians are, and although New York is a little out of the way to South America, my friends did not hesitate on that account. However, it was finally arranged that my companions should return to Peru by the Jamaica route, and that I should meet them there after touching at New York, where my wife and family were residing. Some valuable works of art, which my fellow-travellers had purchased during our ten months' wanderings in Europe, were to have gone with me to New York; but here again the finger of fate seemed to interpose, and labelled them "glass with care," direct to Peru by sailing vessel.

I wished afterwards that I had adopted the same precaution with regard to a small leather bag that contained various presents for my friends in South America, beside many little treasures which I had collected abroad.

I had my choice of steamers for New York, as two were about leaving Liverpool for that city. Both had alike the reputation for fast sailing and cabin comforts, but the fates decreed that I should embark in the one which I will call the "Arcadia," and I accordingly secured a berth in the saloon department of that vessel.

I am an old traveller, and therefore nothing was omitted in my list of requirements for a voyage by sea, except a life-preserver which I had intended purchasing in London, but which, in the hurry of my departure, I had forgotten. My portmanteau was, as usual, stowed away in a place in my cabin; the leather bag, containing my money and valuables, was consigned to the care of the purser; and before I retired to rest, an old sock—in which I was accustomed at night to place my silver match-box, my gold repeater, a couple of valuable rings, and a little loose cash—was deposited under my pillow. Like most of my countrymen, I am an inveterate smoker, and I had not forgotten to provide myself with a goodly supply of cigars of the best brand, together with a few packets of Havana cigarettes.

The "Arcadia" was not altogether what I should have considered a clean and perfectly sound vessel; indeed this was her last voyage before putting into dock for repairs. However, I fed and slept well, and the speed at which we started left nothing to be desired.

We steamed out of Liverpool, and on the following day we had already made three hundred and forty-four miles. On the next days, however, we were caught in a strong gale, which rent some of our sails and retarded our progress. But on the morrow there was a calm, and notwithstanding this we made only 244 miles. On the next day, with the weather still in our favor, we made but 189 miles. The passengers now began to comment upon the tardiness of the steamer, and many were of opinion that the coal supply was deficient, and when three days later we found that we had made at the rate of 169 miles per twenty-four hours, we twitted our captain good-naturedly about the stingy allowance of coal.

We were a merry party, and fraternized much during the tedious voyage, occupying the hours by playing chess, cards, and other games, and laying wagers as to the number of miles the steamer was making per day. Three of the saloon passengers, whom I will call Mr. Welch, Mr. Sant, and Mr. Kew, were especially friendly with me—perhaps because I was a foreigner, and contributed largely towards maintaining the hilarity on board. They also helped me to consume the good Havana cigars which I had brought.

On the last day of that memorable month, the fact could not be concealed that the "Arcadia" was either deficient in coal or that the supply was of inferior quality, and upon the morning of that day it was resolved to make for Halifax. At twelve o'clock our captain gave orders to change the route and put the ship's head northwards. It was only after the mischief was done we learnt that the steamer had at that moment already passed Halifax by 160 miles! The "Arcadia" was then sailing at the rate of thirteen miles an hour.

My friend Mr. Welch, whose destination was South Carolina, signified his intention to land at Halifax, and continue the rest of the journey to New York by rail. He advised me to follow his example, and, as I was heartily tired of the sea-voyage, I willingly agreed to accompany him. Other passengers joined in our scheme, and discussed with us as to the best means of carrying out our plan. But man proposes and

I retired early to my berth on the evening of a very memorable day, and slept somewhat more soundly than I had hitherto done. The thought of awakening on the morrow off Halifax and continuing the journey by land was a delightful prospect, and I soon began to dream that I was already in the bosom of my anxious family.

Long before daybreak I was awakened by a strange noise, as of machinery in violent motion. At first I took no notice of the sounds, for I attributed them to the hauling up of cinders

from the furnaces below. Upon their being repeated, however, I threw on a few clothes, tripped into my slippers, and entered the saloon. Here I was met by one of the stewards, who, in great agitation, informed me that the steamer had struck. I thought at first he was only joking, and that he meant that the vessel was "on strike," and had refused to go on. His real meaning was, however, soon made clear to my understanding. The steamer had struck on a rock and was fast sinking!

My first impulse was to fly for safety to a high part of the vessel, and trust in Providence for my deliverance. Recollecting, however, that death from exposure to the cold was said to be even worse than death from drowning, I returned to my cabin for my heavy overcoat and travelling cap. I bethought me also of the old sock, which besides my watch, rings, and match-box, contained twenty-three sovereigns, and thinking these might prove of service, I gathered them together and stuffed them hurriedly into a pocket of my warm overcoat, where I found also a few cigars and cigarettes. There was no time for any further preparations. The water was already rushing in torrents down the cabin stairs, and before I had had time to reach the deck my feet were soaking.

The scene on deck was indeed terrible. The door of the steerage cabin had been thrown open, and the emigrants were pouring out like ants from a besieged ant-hill. Woman and children were running wildly about in all directions, and rent the night air with their shrieks and piteous cries for help.

Alighting on the quarter-deck I encountered Mr. Sant in the act of putting on a life-preserver and near the wheel-house the last of the signal rockets was being fired.

Instinctively, or as if inspired, I clung to the broad wooden rail on the starboard or right-hand side of the steamer, for in that moment the vessel suddenly heaved over, and threatened to precipitate me into the sea. I now fell on my knees and, in my native language, implored Heaven to forgive my sins, and protect my beloved wife and children. I fancied then that I saw my dear family standing in the centre of the deck before me, and the illusion was only dispelled when I observed that the deck was so much out of the horizontal that I was forced to hold fast to the rail in order to save myself from falling forwards. I clung for very life to an iron bar of this rail, for the steamer had heeled over again, and stood as they say "on her beam-ends."

I thought it strange that she should have fallen with her deck seawards, when the waves and wind were inclining her to the land side. If, however, she had fallen in the opposite direction, every soul on board must have perished.

Wearied with grasping the rail of the steamer, I ventured to change my place of safety, and for this purpose moved cautiously towards the hurricane or bridge deck, which is the highest part of a vessel. Seating myself upon one of the iron props of the bridge, I felt the waves as they dashed against the upturned hull, and I heard a voice repeatedly cry, "Take to the rigging!" I, however, did not avail myself of the invitation, for I could observe indistinctly that the rigging was already black with people, and it was besides difficult to approach that quarter of the steamer. Light was issuing from the port-holes of the hull beneath me, but this was presently extinguished by the waves as they dashed into the little windows. I myself soon became thoroughly drenched with water, my feet and hands were numbed with the cold, and my slippers parted company.

Suddenly I lost my hold and fell. I now thought that my end was indeed approaching, but by a miracle I presently found myself seated saddle-fashion on the wooden rail below. Again I thanked Heaven for my safety, and as I was uttering the words, a voice near me asked whether I was addressing him.

"No," I replied; "I am praying, and I recommend you to do the same."

"What language do you pray in?" he inquired.

"In Spanish," I answered, "but you can pray in your own language, you know."

The waves still beat with fury against the wreck, and now daylight began to appear, and gradually revealed the objects around. Land—so dreaded a few hours since, so welcome now—was distinctly visible. The steamer appeared to be enclosed in a kind of semicircle of land.

In turning my head I beheld my friend Mr. Sant, whom I found to be the person who had last addressed me.

"Are you Senor C—?" he asked.

"I am."

"Oh! we are lost—we are lost!" he exclaimed.

"On the contrary," said I, "I believe we are saved."

"Saved for the moment only!" he said.

The poor fellow had neither hat nor coat on, and was shivering with cold. Water was dripping from his head, and his watch-guard hung loosely from his waistcoat. He told me that he had offered one of the sailors fifty dollars for a life-preserver; that the man had accepted his offer, but Mr. Sant's hands were so benumbed with cold that he was unable to extract the coin from his fob. The sailor therefore followed my friend's directions, and helped himself. The life-preserver, however, proved of no service, nor had a life-preserver been of any use to George, one of the attendants of the saloon, who had tried to avail himself of one. His body was then floating under my gaze.

(To be continued.)

BY AND BY.

BY MARGARET I. PRESTON.

What will it matter by and by  
Whether my path below was bright,  
Whether it wound through dark or light,  
Under a gray or a golden sky,  
When I look back on it, by and by?

What will it matter by and by.  
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,  
Dashing my foot against a stone,  
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,  
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter by and by  
Whether with laughing joy I went  
Down through the years with a glad content.  
Never believing, nay, not I,  
Tears would be sweeter by and by.

What will it matter by and by  
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain  
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,  
Soothing myself through sob and sigh;  
"All will be otherwise by and by?"

What will it matter? Naught, if I  
Only am sure the way I've trod,  
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God,  
Questioning not of the how, the why,  
If I but reach Him, by and by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,  
If, in my fear of slip or fall,  
Closely I've clung to Christ through all,  
Mindless how rough the path might lie,  
Since he will smoothe it by and by.

Ah! It will matter by and by  
Nothing but this: That Joy or Pain  
Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,  
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,  
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by!

## AT THE BAR.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Ere these lines see the light the system for many generations prevalent in our military polity, and known as Purchase in the Army, may appear to a young and blooming generation more as a dream of the antiquated past. But at the period to which I refer the buying and selling of commissions were very prosaic and everyday practices indeed; and if a young gentleman of ardent temperament and expensive habits was ambitious of serving his country in the tented field, or in some such substitute for the field in question as a provincial garrison town or a distant colony, the first step he took towards courting the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth was to pay the sum of four hundred and fifty pounds into an army agent's as the price of his commission — I am assuming that he was anxious to obtain an ensigncy in the line—and then he, and his parents and guardians or any friends in possession of "influence" or "interest" at the Horse Guards he may have been lucky enough to possess, took to pestering the Commander-in-Chief, and worrying H.R.H.'s life out, officially speaking, until the royal personage who presides over the destinies of our armies, "the soldier's friend" as he is called—every Commander-in-Chief that I ever heard of was known during his tenure of office as "the soldier's friend"—was moved some fine morning to submit the commission of Ensign Hedgling to her Most Gracious Majesty for signature.

All the necessary steps exacted by the law, or rather the usage military, were taken with this intent, once upon a time, by Charles Plantagenet Saxon, Esq., a remarkably good-looking and equally good-natured young fellow, who having been educated at a country grammar-school, where he was much renowned for his proficiency at cricket and foot-ball and rowing, was esteemed by all who knew him, including the respectable Bachelor of Divinity who had flogged him through a course of the great classic writers of antiquity, to be fully competent to serve his country in any martial post to which he might be appointed, from a drummer-boy to a field-marshal upwards.

For many ages Englishmen have been renowned for doing capitally the things they have never been taught to do; and it has been owing to this happily intuitive capacity that we have become so highly esteemed and so personally popular abroad. Charley Saxon—I call him that for brevity's sake—offered no exception to the glorious British rule. At eighteen years of age he really could do a vast number of things, and, with respect to those of which he was ignorant, he and his relatives, friends, and acquaintances firmly believed (in accordance with another happy British rule) that it was entirely useless to learn them. Thus he was a very fair hand at making Latin verses; and if he did not remember many of the rules in the Eton Grammar he had certainly repeated all of them, *sub ferula*, scores of times. Of the study of scriptural history he had had long and painful experience; and if he did not understand Butler's *Analogy* he had read it through, and made copious extracts from that admirable work. He could ride, drive, swim, shoot, fish, leap, run wonderfully well, and was an adept at all outdoor sports. He was an excellent maker of salmon flies, made ground-bait splendidly, and understood so much about the management and

maladies of horses that, but for that plaguy question of expense, his papa would have purchased a cornetcy in the cavalry for him, instead of an ensigncy in the line. He took much interest too in the improvement of our breed of horses by means of racing, and was much more cognisant of the intricacies of the odds than he was of those of the multiplication table. He rowed gloriously, and at billiards professional players could venture to give only a very few points. And, when he was out of his nonage, what a clear, rich, baritone voice he had, and how cleverly he played on the *cornet à piston*! As to cards, there was not a game, from *lanquet* to unlimited *loo*, from *baccarat* to *blind-hookey*, in which he was not an adept; and at the more recondite diversion of hazard his nice discrimination between nicks and mains had earned him, even before he was sixteen, the applause and admiration of his comrades; qualified, it is necessary to add, by the animadversion of his reverend preceptor. Lest you should imagine that Charley was altogether an Admirable Crichton, I must in fairness hint that there were many accomplishments which the youth did not possess. He knew scarcely any French, and of German, or any other modern language, he was wholly ignorant. He certainly could not have construed a page of Virgil into English without the aid of a dictionary. He was unable to draw; and he wrote a big, sprawling schoolboy hand, and was not very scrupulous as to the accuracy of his orthography. In his leisure hours he had read an amazing number of novels and plays, and had forgotten them nearly as soon as they were read. Then—what use can there be in farther pursuing the catalogue of his deficiencies; a list, moreover, which must be vastly counterbalanced by his surprisingly brilliant attainments? There must be spots on the sun, mustn't there? Perfection is not attainable by erring mortals, is it? Charley Saxon was, emphatically speaking, a fine young fellow—a fine young English gentleman—a brave, dashing, generous youth as ever entered the famous British army.

His father, the Reverend Harold Plantagenet Saxon, M.A., was rector of Rawley-cum-Crew, in the county of Devon, and his livings—a fat one as living went down in the part of the country—was worth about seven hundred and fifty pounds a year. His wife had a little, a very little money. He had nine children, four of them girls and grown up; and in view of these circumstances it is not perhaps to be wondered at that the Rev. H. P. Saxon was compelled to borrow from an insurance office the funds requisite to purchase his son's commission and to pay for the splendid and elaborate outfit, both in martial and in civil apparel, supplied by Messrs. Froggett and Scales, military clothiers of Savile-row. Young Charley easily passed the ridiculous mockery of an examination to which candidates for commissions were subjected in the happy time to which I refer; and was duly gazetted to a pair of colours in the Hundred and Fiftieth Foot (the Duke of York's regiment of Yorkshire Tykes). His pay as an ensign amounted to about thirty shillings a week, which scarcely covered his subscriptions to mess and band funds. All that his papa could allow him in addition was fifty pounds a year; so into Hundred and Fiftieth he went, full of high hopes and noble aspirations—into the Hundred and Fiftieth he went, with an ample wardrobe and plenty of credit, to live, as a preliminary experience, at the rate of about five hundred per annum, and to consort with a number of young English gentlemen as fine as he, some of whom had five thousand a year, while others had not fivepence of their own.

These facts remembered, the chronicler will not perhaps be considered so extravagant a narrator as the Sultana Scheherade in the *Arabian Nights*, if he mentions that within five-and-twenty months of his entrance into the Hundred and Fiftieth Foot Charley Saxon found himself "at the Bar." There; I tell you again there is no need to be terrified. I don't mean the Bar of the Bankruptcy Court; although it must be owned that Charley had been threatened more than once with the ministrations of the grim tribunal in Bassinghall-street. It was only at the Bar of one of Messrs. Ginger and Pop's refreshment-rooms on the Underground Railway that Charles Plantagenet Saxon, late of Her Majesty's Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment of Foot, found himself one remarkably fine July morning, and without one sixpence, nay, without one penny, in his pocket.

How had the ex-ensign, or rather ex-lieutenant, come to this lamentable pass? The tale of sorrow may be very briefly told. His history had merely been that of many hundreds of fine young English gentlemen to whom the mess-room and the parade-ground only served as an antechamber to the kennel—that is to say, if those famous dogs, to which ruined spendthrifts are supposed to go, are favored with the shelter even of a kennel. It had been Charley Saxon's misfortune with a gross income of under one hundred and thirty pounds a year to live at the rate of a thousand or fifteen hundred. He was not, perhaps, more extravagant than his brother subalterns; but the Hundred and Fiftieth was a fast regiment, and the youth's pace was in accordance with the rapidity of his corps. He went very rapidly indeed, and the course was all down hill. Debts and discount, discount and debts; those were the diapason of the grand pianoforte on which he performed a remarkably brilliant concerto, which ere long came to an end with a crash, which Madam Arabella Goddard could scarcely have excelled. Then he had to sell his commission; or rather the usurers, to whom he had long since pawned it, sold it for him, appropriated the proceeds and credited

him therewith—less costs and charges in part payment of the multitudinous bills and I O U's decorated with his sign manual in their possession. His tradesmen proper—his tailors, boot-makers, hatters, jewellers, *que sais-je?*—were furious. Why, they asked passionately, had all the money accruing from the sale of his rank gone to the Jews? Why had he not disposed of the commission for their, the tailors' and bootmakers', benefit? So they sued him. So got judgments and executions against him by the score. Whitecross-street and the Bench were existent goals for debt in those days, and sponging-houses flourished in the purlieus of Chancery-lane. The fateful *capias ad satisfaciendum* was taken out against Charles Plantagenet Saxon, wherever the Sheriff of Middlesex should find him running up and down in his balliwick, over and over again; and penitent letters, wretched letters, despairing letters had to be written by the incarcerated prodigal from Mr. Melphibosheth's in Cursito-street and Messrs. Bildae and Shubite's (officers to the Sheriffs) in Bream's-buildings to the poor old parson down in Devonshire, imploring the means of release. The rector of Rawley-cum-Crew did what he could, which was not much. Then Charley was entitled to a share in a reversionary property on the death of an aunt who was sixty, but the female branches of whose family had from time immemorial been renowned—in despite of the dicta of Sir George Cornwall Lewis and Mr. Thoms—for living until a hundred and three. Charley was glad to get a hundred and fifty pounds for the contingent eight or nine hundred which were to come to him on the demise of this descendant of a long line of centenarians. The hundred and fifty went to satisfy two or three of the most pressing tailors and boot-makers, and six weeks afterwards the old aunt who ought—if the Northampton tables were to be trusted—to have lived till a hundred and three, died of a quinsy. Mr. Barabbas Dunas, financial agent, of 302A Pall Mall, was the gentleman who purchased Charley's reversion; and Mr. Lyppy, officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex, arrested Charley as he came down the Pall Mall chambers' stairs with Mr. Dunas' cheque in his pocket, at the suit of Messrs. Pulpel and Linninger, hosiers, of the Burlington-arcade. It was very provoking.

Yes; but it was a good deal more provoking to find oneself at the bar of Messrs. Ginger and Pop's refreshment-room at the Charing-cross station of the Underground Railway without one single coin of the realm in one's possession. It was most provoking of all to be in debt to a tall young lady with a towering chignon, a bright blonde in hue, in the sum of one shilling, for a glass of soda-water-and-brandy just supplied, and which one had swallowed in the hurry in the moment without in the least reflecting that one hadn't the money to pay for one's refreshment. "One" was Charles Plantagenet Saxon, Esq., late of Her Majesty's Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment of Foot, and this is how he had got into his last and most awkward dilemma. He had been for some months now "loafing," to use the inelegant but expressive locution, about London—a kind of decayed dandy Mr. Micawber, waiting for something to turn up. He had gone home for a time to Rawley-cum-Crew, but he had not found much felicity in the bosom of his family; the domestic hearth did not throw out a very genial heat, the fact being that most of the Wallends, which should have kindled the cheerful blaze, had been burnt by Charley's extravagance. His father, who had been obliged to borrow a good deal more money to help pay the young spendthrift's debts—and they were not paid yet—looked somewhat wrathfully at him; and Charley could not help fancying that his papa grumbled him the meat he ate and the wine he drank at his table. At least he heard a good many cursory but unpleasant allusions to having "so many mouths to feed." He was very sorry, now, for his folly and extravagance; but where was the use of his sorrow? It would not bring back the money which should have furnished his sisters—four tall young women, desperately anxious to be married to four pale-faced curates—with dowries. He felt, uneasily, that everybody in the house, down to the page-boy in buttons, was under the impression that he was a robber and a swindler. His little brother Jack told him plainly that, in consequence of his, Charley's, having made such an "awful mess of it," he, Jack, was debarred from receiving the education of a gentleman at a public school, and was doomed to receive his classical learning under the eye and the verbal rod of his papa at home. Charley had not the heart to box the boy's ears for his impertinence. The reproach stung him to the quick, but he could not but own that he had deserved it. And can there be a situation more deplorable than that of the bankrupt prodigal, who is so very willing to come home, and say "Father, I have sinned," but who finds that there is no nice hot roast fillet of veal, with stuffing, waiting for him at the paternal domicile—nay, more, that his family have not the slightest objection to his staying away, minding swine, and feeding on draff and husks for so long a period as ever he pleased?

Wearied with perpetual repetitions of platitudes regarding the expediency of not eating the bread of idleness, but by earning it by the sweat of one's brow, and disgusted with the frequency of allusions to Queensland or the diamond fields as a field for emigration, Charley came to London with as much money as he could borrow from his outraged sire—I don't think the advance exceeded ten-pound note—to see if anything would turn up. Something indeed did turn up nearly every other day in the shape of a dun,

a writ, a county-court summons, or a sheriff's officer; but these were not precisely the chances which our postulant was anxious to win. He advertised in the newspapers for an appointment in connection with a public office, and he sent in an application to the Justices of Blankshire when the post of Governor of the Quodford County Gaol became vacant, being given to understand that positions of that nature were quite in the way of gentlemen retired from the army; but none of his efforts succeeded, and days and weeks passed by without anything turning up by means of which that grand desideratum, a bellyfull of bread and meat every day, might be earned. Fortunately he had still a very good wardrobe—the relics of his once monumental tick with the West-end-tailors—remaining. He was still able to look like a gentleman, and even like a "swell;" and there even remained a considerable surplus of well-cut garments, on which sundry accommodating tradesmen in St. Martin's-lane and about Leicester-square, and who transacted business under the familiar yet mystic sign of Three Golden Balls, were not unwilling to make advances. It was a most melancholy thing, of course, to pawn the coats and pantaloons for which one hadn't paid; but still, under the painfully provoking circumstances, what was a fellow to do?

Thoroughly "hard up" then, and, as it seemed, hopelessly, "down on his back," was Charley Saxon one bright July morning as, after a before-breakfast visit to an accommodating tradesman who made advances on tangible securities at the corner of Cecil-court, St. Martin's-lane he strolled through the Lowther-arcade and emerged into the Strand, opposite the South Eastern terminus. He stood for some minutes looking wistfully enough at Mr. Barry's beautiful restoration of Charing-cross in the station courtyard, as though expecting something to turn up from the interior of that highly florid monument. Nothing, however, came out of the cross; and then Charley thought that about the best course to pursue would be to go and breakfast in the refreshment-room of the station. Stay, he thought, there was more than one execution against him: Charing-cross railway terminus was a very public place, and it would be an awful bore to be arrested on such a fine summer morning. Wasn't there a place, under an arch at the bottom of Villiers-street, and close to the Embankment station of the Underground Railway, called Gatti's? Egad, he'd go and breakfast there, even although he could get nothing better than coffee and penny ices.

He reached the bottom of Villiers-street, entered one of Mr. Gatti's spacious saloons, and discovering that ham and eggs or chops and steaks were as attainable as penny ices in that comfortable café, ordered some breakfast and installed himself at one of the marble tables. To his horror he had scarcely got through the first leading article of that deservedly popular journal, the *Daily Diatribe*, when raising his eyes he saw sitting at a table, right over against him) and withering him with baleful glances, little Moss Abrahams, whom he knew to be one of the chief retainers of Messrs. Bildae and Shubite, officers to the Sheriff of Middlesex, Bream's-buildings, E. C. In extreme perturbation Charley Saxon rose, and sought for his hat; but simultaneously Mr. Moss Abrahams, whose *couvre chef* was already on his head, rose likewise. "Ere, Capting!" cried Mr. Abrahams, producing a slip of paper from a huge leather pocket-book. Charley Saxon waited to hear no more; but, to use another vulgar but nervous term, "bolted." Who ate the breakfast he had ordered, none shall say. Perhaps Giacomo Pifferedoli from Turin, the waiter, was responsible for the meal, and choked himself with it to be revenged on the false Englishman. At all events Charley Saxon showed the sheriff's officer the cleanest pair of heels imaginable out of a footrace between Deerfoot and Captain Patten Saunders. He contrived to give Mr. Abrahams the slip completely. Fortunately there is always a crowd at the bottom of Villiers-street, composed of railway and steamboat passengers, roughs, ragged boys on their way to their favourite recreation ground on the Thames embankment, orange-vendors, and barefooted girls who pick pockets under the pretence of selling flowers and cigar-lights. In the midst of this motley throng Charley Saxon was satisfactorily lost, but he could hear the Hebrew's melodious voice shouting after him, "Capting! Capting!" It was by fate, however, that the luckless ex-subaltern's footsteps were conducted, and fate led him right into the station of the Underground Railway. He could see, through a grove of girders and trusses beneath him that there was a train drawn up to the platform and obviously on the point of starting. He rushed, with a crowd of descending passengers, to the wicket leading to the staircase of descent. "Ticket, sir, show your ticket!" cried the collector, barring the passage with his arm, as Charley essayed to hurry by. Alas, he had no ticket! The man was perfectly civil but firm; he pointed out the pigeon-hole where the necessary pasteboard was procurable, observing that the gentleman would miss this train, but that another would be up in five minutes. As Charley fell back ruefully in obedience to this inflexible mandate, he caught a glimpse of Mr. Moss Abrahams rushing by him in red-hot haste. The Caucasian alguazil did not see him, and evidently thought that his intended prey had passed through the wicket, and so down to the platform. "Ticket!" again cried the collector, in stern performance of his bounden duty; but wary Mr. Moss Abrahams was prepared for that as for any other possible emergency; "Sheason!" he cried triumphantly, flourishing a square of very greasy leather in

the collector's face. Whether the envelope of hide did really contain a season-ticket for the Underground Railway, or whether it was a ruse on the part of the crafty Israelite, I'm not prepared to say; but he was one of that kind of people who seem to carry every possible thing of a documentary nature about with them—writing paper and envelopes, almanacs, bill, postage, and receipt stamps, writs, affidavits, post-cards, and forms for making wills and executing covenants. At all events the subterfuge, if subterfuge it was, had brilliant success. From a cunning coil of espial the jubilant ex-subaltern watched his Hebrew foe descend to the platform, and hurry into a carriage; the whistle sounded, and the train went roaring out of the station. The design of Mr. Moss Abrahams was evidently to alight from the train at the next station, Westminster-bridge, and search at his ease for his victim, who, he could have no doubt, was within a few carriages of the one in which he was sitting.

The hitherto-dejected lieutenant watched with profound satisfaction the departure of his would-be captor.

"Shan't trouble the Underground any more to-day," he inwardly and jocosely remarked. "Give railways a wide berth. Try Greenwich in a steamer. Now I may as well go back to Gatti's, and have some breakfast; but first—well, the race did wind me a little—I'll have a soda-and-b."

He walked to the refreshment-room, ordered a soda-and-b, that is to say, brandy, and swallowed it with much inward satisfaction, audibly complimenting meanwhile the tall young lady who served him on the altitude of her chignon and the general amenity of her demeanor.

The tall young lady did not seem very much flattered by these honeyed words, and uttered a by no means sotto-voce reference to "some people's impudence." She was a haughty young lady, and knew what was due to her. All Messrs. Ginger and Pop's young ladies are haughty, and resent rudeness with inexorable keenness.

"One shilling, sir, if you please," said the barmaid, in an accent rivalling in frigidity the lump of ice which she had placed in the soda-and-b.

"A'lowly Robert," replied the abandoned profligate; "tis yours, my charmer. Might I trouble you for change for a sovereign, fair one?"

The young lady addressed as "fair" tossed her head with more concentrated indignation. She fancied a covert insult in the epithet. For the damsel with the bright blonde chignon happened to have been born with dark-brown hair; and her golden locks were not a boon of nature, but a gift of art. 'Twas Dr. Botanky's celebrated Extract of Aureoline the which she used to tinge her tresses.

"A shilling," she repeated loftily.

Ex-Lieutenant Saxon sought in the pocket of his vest for his portemonnaie, in which he had placed not half an hour before the sum of twenty-two shillings and sixpence and a quadrangular piece of cardboard, the last being a mortgage-bond, or certificate of hypothecation, issued by the accommodating tradesman at the corner of Cecil-court, and having reference to three pairs of doekin trousers and one black-dress coat with watered-silk facings, deposited that morning in the name of John Jinks, residing at 84 Claphamrise.

Horror, the portemonnaie was gone! The distracted lieutenant searched pocket after pocket, but all in vain. He had evidently been robbed by some felonious member of the motley throng in Villiers-street.

He began to stammer out a series of more or less ridiculous apologies, but these were cut short by a stern command given by the tall young lady to a youth who was polishing the taps of a beer-engine to fetch a policeman.

"I thought as much," she resumed, tossing her head until her radiant chignon threatened to go through the ceiling of the refreshment-room. "Parties come here, and give themselves no end of airs, as if they were lords of the creation, and when they're asked to pay for what they've had, they talk about having their pockets picked."

"There was a case just like it last Toosday week," interposed a hony-looking man, who was drinking cold gin-and-water. "He wur all over beard and mustachys and gold chains as if he'd been a lord, and had three pork-pies and a plate of weal and 'am, let alone two bottles of stout and a point of Shabbly, and then ses he, 'I ain't got no money, and you may do vot you like with me.' Mr. Knox, vich was the beak a sittin' at Malborough-street, giv' him three months 'ard, and he turns around as bold as brass and ses as 'ow he would do that little lot on his head."

"But, good Heavens!" pleaded the unfortunate subaltern, "this is all a dreadful mistake. I've been robbed. I'm a gentleman—"

"O yes," arose in a hoarse murmur from the crowd, which had by this time collected round the bar. "Ve dessay. A pretty gentleman! Gentlemen pays for what they've had to drink."

The wretched Charles Plantagenet had utterly given himself up for lost, and was expecting every moment the arrival of a police constable, with a pair of handcuffs, when there came pushing through the throng a little old gentleman, in a drab hat and a long green overcoat reaching nearly to his heels, and with a very high white neckcloth tied in a large bow with pendant ends. He had a curly brown wig and gold-rimmed spectacles, pushed high up on the bridge of his large flexible nose, so that two very bright little gray eyes could be seen peering beneath. He was very much marked with the

small-pox, wore false teeth, and might have been either on the shady side of fifty or the sunny side of seventy.

"What's this? what's this?" cried the new arrival, bustling to the bar. "Tush, tush! psha! I've seen it all. Quite a mistake. Gentleman's had his pocket picked evidently. I was robbed myself only the day before yesterday of a gold repeater, which cost me forty guineas, at the bottom of Villiers-street."

"Why doesn't he pay for his refreshments?" quavered the lofty barmaid, thinking perhaps that she had been a little two-hasty.

"Why?" repeated the little old gentleman, "because he's been robbed. I know him perfectly well. Member of all the West-end clubs, and so forth. There's the money!"—the little old gentleman threw down half-a-crown on the counter—"keep the change, my dear. Now, sir, this way; quite a mistake. Dear me! dear me! how much you have suffered!"

The little old gentleman led Charles, half stunned with amazement, out of the station. When they were on the Embankment and alone, he turned his little gray eyes, with an expression of infinite cunning, towards the gentleman he had rescued from such infinite peril, and remarked:

"Ah, ha! you won't readily forget those five minutes you spent at the Bar, will you?"

#### WHY THAT OLD GENTLEMAN PAID.

Messrs. Ginger and Pop, those estimable Refreshment Contractors, write to me (very civilly, I will admit, and with a case containing two dozen pints of Messrs. Wachter and Co.'s extra dry champagne—which I have sent to the Hyperborean Dispensary for diseases of the Esophagus—accompanying their polite note) to say that they have no kind of buffet at the Charing-cross station of the underground Railway; and that consequently a young gentleman named Saxon, late of H. M. Hundred and Fiftieth Foot, could never have got into trouble at their non-existent refreshment-room for non-payment of a Soda-and-B. I beg Messrs. Ginger and Pop's pardon with all my heart. At the same time I may be permitted to observe that there are a great many modes open to me for explaining away the seeming blunder. That which might, perhaps, cause the least trouble would be the memorable reply of the consistent witness, who swore in a certain horse-stealing case that the animal forming the gravamen of the charge was sixteen hands high, and who was sharply reminded by the cross-examining counsel that, in his original deposition before the magistrate, he had taken his oath that the steed was sixteen feet in altitude. "Did I swear it?" asked the consistent witness. "Well, if I did, I'll stick to it." You might find it as difficult if you pushed me hard, and put me on my full dialectical mettle, to prove that there is no refreshment-room at the Charing-cross, or rather Embankment, station aforesaid, as to show that the earth is globular in form, or that such a person as Joan of Arc ever existed. Between ourselves I entertain grave doubts as to the historic truth of the Maid's tragedy, and am much more of opinion that she was an invention of Mr. Tom Taylor for the benefit of the Beautiful Mrs. Rousby. But I disdain to chop logic, or split casuistical straws in this regard. I plead the privilege of the penny-a-lining peerage, which is to be inaccurate whenever no special purpose is to be gained by being accurate. Besides, my Underground Railway may be in Imaginary London. Am I not the author of a Delusive Directory to the British Metropolis?

When, however, I come to add that I have received several reams of penny-post letters, and about half a hundredweight of post-cards, all asking me in terms, now of anger and now of affection, now of bewilderment and now of derision, why that little old gentleman in the drab hat and the long green overcoat, and with the curly wig and the gold-rimmed spectacles, should have paid for Charley Saxon's refreshment at the Charing-cross buffet, and thus have rescued him from the dire dilemma in which he was placed, the matter becomes much more serious. There is a mystery, and I must explain it. The strangely impulsive generosity—as it seemed—of that old gentleman demands elucidation in a sequel to "At the Bar."

Of course, Charley was profuse in his expressions of gratitude towards the little old gentleman, who received these protestations with a mere "tut, tut!" adding that it was one of the most natural things in the world for a young gentleman such as he (our hero) evidently was to have his pocket picked. "And I daresay," he continued, his head on one side and with a very arch, not to say cunning, expression twinkling through his gold-rimmed spectacles, "that it isn't the first time in your life that you've been cleaned out, my young friend."

He looked, under these circumstances, so remarkably like an owl in an ivy bush—I grant the dissimilarity of costume, but it is the expression that does it—that Charley fancied for a moment that he must be not on the Thames Embankment, but in the keep of Arundel Castle, and an object of the contemplation of that very wise old owl (he regularly eats two tom-cats a day) who goes by the name of "Lord Eldon." It would have been rude, however, to tell the little old gentleman so; and as to the number of times he had been "cleaned out" in the course of his brief but eventful career, that was somewhat too sore a point with Charley to dilate upon just then. So he contented himself with asking his benefactor where and when he could call upon him for the purpose of repaying

the trifling but inestimably opportune loan, the advance of which had rescued him from so dire a predicament. "I shall have to pop something else before I can pay him," the ex-subaltern thought, ruefully enough, as he asked the question. "My uncle will get tired of taking in trousers next, I suppose; and then I shall have to spit my boots, and after that I shall have to hang myself in my braces."

There was, seemingly, no mysterious reticence about the little old gentleman, and he was prompt in his reply. "I live in Good-Gracious-street, just over the water," he said cheerily; "and we'll go there this very minute. Hi, hansom!" and with a green-silk umbrella of bulgy outline he hailed one of the "gondoliers of London," who was crawling with his vehicle along the Embankment in the direction of Westminster Bridge.

"But I haven't breakfasted," quoth Charley, somewhat embarrassed.

"That's just it. Haven't breakfasted myself. Never can get up an appetite till I've taken a trot over from the Surrey side to see how many people get their pockets picked at Charing-cross. Bless you, the average is something tremendous!" Thus replied the little old gentleman.

"But I have not the honor—" the perplexed ex-subaltern murmured, drawing back a little. He was quite penniless, but still proud enough for a whole box of Lucifers. Had he been prosperous he would never certainly have thought of asking the little old gentleman, who did not look at all like a person moving in good society, to breakfast; and, desperate as were his present circumstances, he shrank from accepting his proffered hospitality.

"Tut, tut!" interposed the Samaritan in the curly brown wig. "Don't know me, eh? Never been introduced, and that kind of thing? Fiddle-de-dee! I know you quite well, Captain Saxon—you ought to have bought your captaincy by this time—late of the Hundred and Fiftieth. Bets, bills, Jews, Biddad and Shuhite; gentleman in difficulties—I've been in difficulties myself; I'm always in 'em—fine handsome young fellow. Word! all before you where to choose. Just a little hard up for the moment, eh? Executions out; keep it dark; make it all right. Know all about it. Now, pray, my dear sir, not another word. Jump in, Cabby, Good-Gracious-street. Look sharp, and I'll pay you. Dear, dear me, if he doesn't look sharp, we shall be late for breakfast!" And with such fragmentary discourse the little old gentleman had jostled the bewildered ex-subaltern into the cab; had poked his umbrella through the trap thereof to incite the "gondolier" to speed, and had pulled out and consulted at least a dozen times a massive gold watch—the twin brother, presumably, of the one worth forty guineas of which he had been robbed in Villiers-street; and with the gleaming glamor of his gold-rimmed spectacles had fascinated Charley Saxon, even as the Ancient Mariner fascinated the Wedding Guest; and all, so to speak, before you could say Jack Robinson.

"Name, eh? ah, quite forgot!" his companion suddenly observed, as the cab, having crossed the bridge, went rattling into the wilds of Kennington. "That's my name, Captain Saxon. Mustn't be offended. Ought to have been a captain long ago."

With which compliment he handed Charley a small oblong card, bearing this inscription:

"MR. T. BANTAM COX,  
Happy Villa,  
Good-Gracious-street, S."

"I was christened Thomas Bantam," he remarked; "but those who love me call me their Tommy. Bless you, you'll come to love your Tommy before you've half done breakfast."

"This is a monstrous queer sort of old file," the now thoroughly amused Charley thought, turning the card between his fingers. "I don't think he's half a bad sort of a fellow, though."

"I know what you're thinking of," Mr. Bantam Cox remarked, a whole shower of twinklings coruscating from the gold-rimmed spectacles. "You're thinking that your Tommy's an odd fish. So he is. He glories in it. And look you here, young man," he continued, with somewhat of solemnity in his manner, "if you want to know more about me, I'll tell you. Your Tommy lives on his means, and he's a man that likes to look on the Sunny Side of things."

The description left something, perhaps, to be desired, on the score of definiteness; but Charley was by this time quite prepared to pursue the adventure to its dénouement; and had Mr. T. Bantam Cox informed him that he was the Gentleman Gaoler of the Tower of London, or the husband of the Pig-faced Lady, or the Man in the Moon, he would have received the announcement in the same philosophical spirit.

A quarter of an hour's rattling over the stones brought them to Good-Gracious-street, which was a truly suburban locality—a kind of compromise between a street, a road, a grove, a crescent, a lane, and a double row of detached villas—embowered in trees, and with pretty lawns and flower-gardens in front. With all this, there was a public-house at the corner of Good-Gracious-street, and a public-house at the bottom. Pisgah Chapel—(Primitive Mumpers' connection) was in the middle of the street, flanked on one side by a mansion in the most florid style of suburban gothic architecture, and on the other by a charming little two-storied villa, the façade half smothered—it was summer time—with roses and eglantine. There was a delicious little garden in front, and on the iron rails of the gate was a very large and highly-

polished brass plate, on which were graven the words, "HAPPY VILLA."

"That's where I live," cried Mr. Bantam Cox merrily. "Jump out, my dear sir. Now, cabby, here's your fare. It's no use arguing. You know me well enough. Be off, will you, in a brace of shakes." And Mr. T. Bantam Cox pushed back the iron gate, and inducted Charley Saxon into the precincts of Happy Villa.

That which the hansom cabman subsequently said was unheard by his quondam fare; but it is the privilege of the romancer to be in the receipt of fern-seed, to walk invisible, and to listen to a variety of remarks, the utterers of which have not the slightest suspicion of being overheard. Thus did it come to pass with the "gondolier" who had brought the little old gentleman and his newly-found acquaintance from the Thames Embankment to Happy Villa.

"Yes," he growled, holding with scornfully bent arm, and in the palm of a remarkably grubby buckskin glove, the legal fare for the journey, which was one shilling and sixpence; "I know yer well enuff for the humbuggingest old skinkint, as 'ud ride half round the Postal Ragions for heightenpence. I know yer, yer hold himage. I wonder what's your game, now, with that swell out of luck, as looks as 'ungry as hif he'd been tied up for ten days in a cookshop with a muzzel on. No good, I'll go bail. A bad lot—a bad lot!" With which disparaging dismissal of his customer, the gondolier viciously flicked his horse over the left ear with his long whip, and sulkily departed. He met a nervous widow in a hurry (she was going to see her trustees), and charged her half-a-crown for conveying her from opposite the Blind School to the eastern extremity of Great George-street, Westminster! a transaction which somewhat poured oil on the troubled waters of that cabman's soul. *La vie n'est pas sans de grandes consolations.*

Meanwhile the little old gentleman had ushered Charley—the door of the villa being opened by a rosy-cheeked servant of smirking mien—into a dainty front parlour, very prettily furnished, and the walls of which were hung with engraved portraits of the most distinguished equity and common-law judges of past and present times. Charley was somewhat staggered by this imposing array of ancient and sapient countenances, enshrined in full-bottomed wigs, and terminating in bands and robes.

"Ah, you wonder at my taste, I daresay," chuckled the little old gentleman, marking the attention with which his guest surveyed the portraits. "I'm very fond of Law. It's such a Noble Study." The little old gentleman appeared to have carried his fondness for the law to the extent of keeping a record of the sittings of the various legal tribunals of the land; for stuck on the looking-glass were divers printed notices relating to causes in the Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas, the Exchequer, and the Courts of Bankruptcy in Basinghall-street and Lincoln's-inn. "Never mind those odds and ends," he remarked, as he saw Charley's gaze directed towards these graffiti on blue foolscap. "Look at the pictures. Ain't they beautiful? That's Lord Eldon. Great man, Lord Eldon. Your Tommy's considered like him. There's Mansfield, Ellenborough, Lyndhurst, Brougham; and there's Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Knight, at Westminster."

"This is certainly the oddest old file I ever came across," mused Charley, pursuing his investigation of the ornaments of the apartment; "and, mercy on us, what can my Tommy want with all these clocks?" There were, indeed, a couple of rather handsome French clocks on the mantelpiece; and a skeleton timepiece was making a painful exhibition of its internal arrangements on the chiffonier. One bracket supported an alabaster clock, surmounted by a figure of Hope leaning on an anchor; on another shelf was a Tyrolean horologe with an elaborately carved case; and in a corner was a huge old eight-day clock, rumbling and wheezing like a patient in the acute stage of chronic bronchitis.

"Clocks—yes, I've plenty of clocks," Mr. Cox—he should have been Mr. Clocks—explained, as he saw Charley's eye travelling from one timepiece to the other. "This is how it is. Your Tommy, you see, owns a goodish deal of house property hereabouts, and his tenants are so fond of him, that they often send him their clocks to take care of, especially when they're a little bit behindhand with their rent. You've no idea how fond of your Tommy his tenants are. It's quite affecting."

"I'll give it up," said Charley Saxon to himself. "My Tommy must be mad. Everybody is mad, so they say, over the water."

At this juncture breakfast was brought in; and the ex-subaltern, who was by this time hungry enough for several hunters, had something else besides portraits and clocks to think about. It was a capital breakfast. Ham and eggs, devilled kidneys, Strasburg pie, anchovy-toast, and other delicacies graced the festive board; and, in addition to the usual tea and coffee, a fascinated diluent to the solids appeared in a huge silver tankard full of Bass's bitter. Charley thought of his old feasts in the mess-room, and of the trifling balance in which he stood indebted to the messman of the Hundred and Fiftieth Foot. On the first he dwelt with fond regret. The last did not trouble him much. Messmen make large profits, no doubt, from their catering, and they must be prepared to put up with the risk of the balances.

"Your Tommy always takes Bass at breakfast," Mr. Saxon's host observed, as the victim of the Purchase System indulged in a hearty draught from the tankard; "in fact, he doesn't object sometimes to a glass of bitter before breakfast; and I was on my way to have one

when I found you in Queer-street yonder. But you were drinking something stronger. Aha! you were having Soda-and-B. Take my advice, young sir, and avoid aerated waters qualified with spirits in the morning. *There's no hope for a brandy-and-soda man.*"

He uttered these words in a tone of deep earnestness, approaching solemnity, and that is why I have put them in italics. On Charley asking him why the case of a person imbibing the stimulant he had denounced must be considered hopeless, the little old gentleman went on,

"Because brandy-and-soda-water men Die. Your Tommy wants his friends—bless 'em all!—to Live. If you only knew the agonies of mind I've suffered through the prevalence of "pegging" with Soda-and-B. in the Bengal Squadron and the Eighteenth Rifles, you'd pity your Tommy, you would indeed."

"Well," answered Charley good-humoredly, "I'll promise to live, and not "peg" any more before noon, if that will suit you."

"It will indeed, Charles Saxon," the little old gentleman replied, as he produced a box of exquisitely odorous havanas. "I suppose you smoke. All you army gentlemen do; and I rather encourage it, as I am led, from observation, to the conviction that smoking rather discourages "pegging" than otherwise. Now, light up your cigar, and listen to me; and, if I'm rude, you mustn't be angry with your Tommy. Nobody's angry with their Tommy; he's such a Duck."

A duck in a curly brown wig and gold-rimmed spectacles—a duck with false teeth, and deeply pitted with the smallpox—is somewhat, it must be admitted, of a *rara avis*; but "my Tommy" was evidently a character, and Charley promised that he would not be angry with him, whatever he might say.

What did he say? That, for the present, must remain a mystery; but all will be duly explained in the sequel.

Charley Saxon turned very steady shortly after the period of his first interview with Mr. Bantam Cox in Good-Gracious-street. He wrote a series of the most beautifully penitent letters home to his papa, the Rector of Rawley-cum-Crew, stating that he had at last awakened to the errors of his past life, and that he was inflexibly determined for the future to lead a new one. Furthermore he conveyed to his parents the gratifying intelligence that he had obtained "something to do in the City," and that the something was of a nature to secure him, if sedulously pursued, a reasonable competence; nay, that eventually perhaps it might lead to the acquisition on his part of a handsome fortune. What the "something" in the City was, and whether he had gone on the Stock Exchange, or had become a shipbroker, or had received the appointment of Chamberlain to the Corporation of London, the repentant prodigal omitted to state; but that his civic avocations were of a remunerative kind became speedily and gratifyingly apparent to his affectionate relatives at Rawley-cum-Crew, by his sending his mother, as a birthday present, a fifty-pound note of the crispest texture and the newest impression. Soon afterwards he made his papa even a larger remittance, in a letter in which he told his parent that it was a shame that his clerical duties should be longer interfered with, and his well-deserved leisure by having to attend to the education of his brother Jack; and that, as things in the City were now going very well with him, he was delighted to enclose the wherewithal for the dispatch of Jack to Cheam School, and his maintenance at that celebrated place of education, for two years. To the four tall young women, his sisters, he was in degree equally munificent. At least, they were no longer forced to wear turned gowns, to don coloured hose in default of being able to afford white stockings, or to mend their gloves until scarcely any of the original fabric remained. Everybody rejoiced over this thorough reformation of the black sheep. Who does not, indeed, to see the black sheep washed white, especially when it is not we who have had to pay for the carbolic-acid soap and the scrubbing-brushes?

In London, Charley Saxon eschewed the carnal and irreverent regions of the West-end, and dwelt in the peaceful shades of Clapham, occupying indeed a tranquil first floor furnished, not a hundred miles from this blissful thoroughfare known as Philomel-lane, and where the landlady—her husband was an elder of Pisgah Chapel—Original Mumpers'-connection in Good-Gracious-street—declared him to be for morality, decorum, sweetness of temper, and earliness of hours, a model to all single gentlemen present and to come. In his payments he was as punctual as the Bank of England; an establishment which has, I believe, earned some renown for its promptitude and accuracy in monetary matters: and he drank milk-and-water and ate hard-boiled eggs for breakfast on Sunday, in order to avoid wounding the theological scruples of the worthy folks with whom he dwelt. Ah! he was indeed a pattern—this erst careless and profligate subaltern, late of the Hundred and Fiftieth Foot. He still kept up his subscription at his club, but rarely entered that haunt of dissipation and emporium of idle and frivolous conversation. The billiard-rooms and the Burlington-arcade, the Alhambra and the Argyll, the Grand Stand at Epsom and the stalls of the Royal Enormity Theatre, knew him no more. Ah! he had become a changed, a very changed young man. The fellows in Pall Mall laughed, and said that Charley Saxon had turned Methodist parson. When, by chance, the convert met any of the fellows in the street, he

would cast his eyes down, and cross over to the other side.

You will remember that Pisgah Chapel was on the side opposite to that which was the side of Happy Villa, flanked by a handsome mansion in the suburban style of florid gothic architecture. This residence was styled Chalcedon Lodge, and at Chalcedon Lodge lived the two Miss Murryams, ancient ladies of independent means, with whom resided their orphan niece, Miss Ruth Clodestowe, a buxom young person with brown hair and pretty gray eyes, and who was now verging upon two-and-twenty years of age. She had been a ward in Chancery, and the Lord Chancellor for the time being might well be proud of being guardian to such a ward, seeing that she was as good as she was pretty, and was now absolute mistress of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This comfortable peculium had been bequeathed to his only daughter by her papa deceased, who was—well, something in the City. I should be wantonly and wickedly deceiving you if I were to assert that, in addition to being good, pretty, and wealthy, Miss Ruth Clodestowe was clever. Quite the contrary. She was a fool: a fact which did not in the slightest degree militate against her having the heart that could feel for another—against her being an excellent housekeeper, and altogether a very companionable little body. My calm conviction has long been that, in the vast majority of happy marriages, the wife has been a fool. From my point of view, I mean: there are fools and fools. Still, it would never do for the husband to be a fool as well as his spouse.

Mr. T. Bantam Cox was on very friendly terms with the ladies of Chalcedon Lodge. Indeed, he was the landlord of the Miss Murryams, and had built Chalcedon Lodge at his own cost and charges years before, and, unless I am very much mistaken, the freehold of Pisgah Chapel was also his property. His relations with his tenants being of a friendly as well as of a business nature, what could be more natural than that this Tommy should have the honor to introduce to them his particular and estimable friend, Mr. Charles Saxon? "Once in the army—Captain Saxon—connected with the very first families and that sort of thing," Mr. Bantam Cox whispered to the ancient maiden ladies, while Charley was talking genteel platitudes to Miss Ruth Clodestowe about Pisgah Chapel, Exeter Hall, and the last meeting of the branch Society for establishing Missions among the Fantail Indians. The old ladies did not mind the fact of Mr. Saxon's having been in the army; since to that information Mr. Bantam Cox added the hint that he was now engaged in the City, and doing remarkably well. They looked upon him, now that he had done with a mundane and sinful career, as a brand snatched from the burning, and rejoiced exceedingly. As for Ruth, she rather liked the notion of the young gentleman, whose moustaches had been so cleanly shaved off, having been once a captain. She liked his eyes, his teeth, the color of his hair, his mild and caressing—albeit strictly respectful—conversation. She liked his very hands and flbert-shaped finger-nails, the way he had of pinning his scarf, and toying with his watch-chain. She liked him, and everything that was his; and being a fool, she fell over head and ears, there and then, in love with Charley Saxon.

They were married, not at Pisgah Chapel, but, as was sufficiently customary with the denizens of Good-Gracious-street, at old St. Jumpus's parish church, Newington. There were no less than eighteen clarences, two glass-coaches, and a miniature brougham in the marriage procession; and several young ladies fainted away in the gallery previous to the final tying of the nuptial knot. The grandest of wedding breakfasts took place at Chalcedon Lodge, but prior to the commencement of the banquet Mr. T. Bantam Cox took Charley Saxon aside into the back drawing-room, and thus bespoke him:

"Young sir, I think your Tommy has now done the right thing in this matter. He's made you the husband of a pretty girl—never mind her being a fool—with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds for her fortune, every shilling of which is settled on herself; but which, invested in the elegant simplicity of the Three per cents, will yield interest to the amount of some four thousand five hundred a year: quite enough, I should say, to enable you to keep house, and to have a pretty large balance over for pocket-money. Now, young sir, do you know what you've got to do?"

"Why," replied Charley with a loud laugh, "I've got to return you the shilling you paid for the Soda-and-B. at the refreshment room at Charing-cross, and which, 'pon my word, has never entered my head from that morning to this."

"You owe me a great deal more than that," retorted the little old gentleman sternly. "Vain and inconsequential youth, do you know who I am?"

"Why, my Tommy, and a very capital fellow," the bridegroom replied with another laugh, and slapping his benefactor heartily on the back.

"Don't do that," the little old gentleman rejoined. "I'm asthmatical, and I don't like it. Of course I'm your Tommy, and you're very fond of me. Everybody's fond of their Tommy. But I'm something more than that. I'm a wolf, I'm a vampire, I'm a devouring lion."

"A what?" cried Charley.

"I'm your only and most Rapacious Creditor, and I want from you the sum of three thousand five hundred and seventeen pounds sixteen shillings and eleven-pence three-farthings, with

interest at the rate of five per centum per annum. I've paid all your executions; I've settled with all your tradespeople; I've bought up all your bills, unknown to you; and if you don't pay me, I'll have out a Debtor's Summons in Bankruptcy against you before you're twenty-four hours older. And that's what's for breakfast."

"So this is why the old gentleman paid! Of course Charley had to pay him, interest and all; but there was a very comfortable balance remaining on the right side.

#### TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,  
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm moist fingers, folding yours so tight:  
You do not prize this blessing over much,  
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day—  
We are so dull and thankless, and so slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,  
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,  
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,  
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;  
This restless, curling head from off your breast,  
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;  
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,  
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;  
If the white feet into their grave had tripped  
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown;  
Or that the footprints when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.  
If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor:  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never rumpled by a shining head;  
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;  
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

#### MY GREATEST FRIGHT.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF ANTHONY  
ALDRED, ESQ., B.A.

I do not think I am naturally timid. Certainly as a baby I was not, and it is, I imagine, at that age that the native disposition, unaltered by educational influences, is at its best and purest. In fact, at that age I was positively rash. So little fear had I—taking fear in the old Greek sense as 'the expectation of evil'—that I actually on one occasion put my finger into the candle. Even at a later age I was so little of a coward, that I more than once was known to play with matches.

It is true that by the time I went to school this foolish temerity had in some measure worn off. I was no longer like a bull, ready with shut eyes to charge at everything; but those who were with me at Dr. Tickletoy's Academy will remember that I there gave evidence of a courage above, rather than below, the average. If in the two or three fights in which I was engaged in the interest of school discipline, my opponents were somewhat smaller than myself, this was the result, not of any timidity on my part, but of Dr. Tickletoy's system of education, which was deliberately calculated to develop the intellectual at the expense of the physical side of a boy's nature. And if, as I hear has been actually done more than once, my enemies—for, alas, I have some!—should point in a depreciatory manner to the occurrence in farmer Turmut's orchard, when I led the gallant band of juvenile apple-hunters in swift retreat before the face of the awakened farmer, I would simply answer that this was in itself an evidence of no common presence of mind. At least 'three other courses' were open to me. I might, as other boys have been known to do on similar occasions, have fallen flat upon my face and howled. Or I might, like an Irish patriot, have crept into the nearest cabbage-bed. Or, finally, clinging to the knees of the enraged agriculturist, I might have humiliated myself to implore his forgiveness. As it was, however, I conducted to a successful issue a sudden and masterly retreat; thereby proving myself to possess, not only a presence of mind which is and can be allied only with the highest courage, but also qualities for the conduct of irregular warfare, which would have made my fame amongst the ancient Parthians or the modern guerillas.

It, of course, followed naturally, in the devel-

opment of what I must be permitted to call a singularly harmonious nature, that, on attaining to years of discretion, I restrained my courage within discreeter limits. In fact, this quality then matured into that true manliness which is rash neither from ignorance nor from the confidence of experience, nor, again, from mere physical exuberance, but is calm to meet any crisis which it becomes a man to meet; whilst at the same time fully appreciating their danger. Thus, at Oxford, I never shirked a compulsory examination. When put down for the college eight, I never attempted to evade my duty. And yet, in both cases, I was intimately penetrated with a just sense of the danger before me—in the one instance of a 'pluck,' in the other of a 'crab.' And so on in all the various concerns of University life.

And here is, perhaps, the place to make a confession which, though to a certain extent humiliating, will, I think, convince the reader of my literal honesty, and induce him to believe that in all I write about myself, I err rather on the side of a defective than of an excessive self-appreciation. I must with shame and sorrow own, that in one important respect—moral, it is true, rather than physical—I have been, and I am afraid always shall be, something of a poltroon; I mean in my relations to the gentler sex. Whether it is that my admiration for these beings, partaking, as it does, of the nature of worship, begets something in my mind of the dread of the devotee, I do not know. The fact remains that I have never been introduced to a lady without at the same instant becoming aware of a sudden failure of strength in my knees, and a corresponding faltering of my voice. I am told that I blush. I know that I feel very hot. Simultaneously I have a general sensation that I should rather like to be a blot upon a tablecloth instead of a human being.

It may be in some measure due to this constitutional weakness that, though now past forty, possessed of a good income, and certainly not uglier than most men, I still remain unmarried. It is true I have had my flirtations, each one of which I meant seriously enough. But, somehow, before I could ever bring myself to the point of a declaration, some more active and less emotional rival has always stepped before me and carried off the prize. Of course I have my consolation in thinking, or rather knowing, that the fair one never could have loved me, in the true sense of the word, or she would have preferred to pine away into the palest and most shadowy old-maidhood before accepting any one but myself. This consolation however, it must be acknowledged, is after all, as Admetus expresses himself, 'a cold delight'; and, as far as I am concerned, I should, on the whole, be content with less love and more matrimony.

I think I ought now to tell you how I came to go to Ireland, where the incidents I am about to relate occurred. The fact is, my poor father, who had suffered for many years from 'hereditary hip-joint'—this is what I understood the doctor to call his disease, but I may be mistaken—died almost immediately after I took my degree at Oxford—a matter of six good years, as I was always weak in divinity. Some said it was the shock of so unexpected and joyful an event that killed him. I hope not, as if I had anticipated such a result, it would have been no trouble in the world to me to have postponed taking my degree indefinitely. The consequence was, that at the age of twenty-five I succeeded to the family property, which was situated partly in England and partly in Ireland. The English part of it, on which my poor father resided, was in good-enough order—ring-fence, sub-soil drainage, and all that. Not so, however, the Irish. The fact is, no one had been near it for some years. My father's 'hereditary hip-joint' incapacitated him for much motion, especially in the direction of Irish bogs. So the Irish estate had been quite neglected. Its nominal rental was nearly a thousand a year; but as the man who used to collect the rents had been 'potted' from behind a hedge, no money had reached us for some years before my father's death. When, however, this event took place, my nearest relative, General Ferefull—my uncle—had decided in solemn family conclave (of two) that I must go to Ireland, "in order," as he expressed himself, "to put matters on a sound footing. They are a set of rascals over there," he said, getting very red in the face, as was his wont when excited. "They'd as soon stick a knife into you as look at you, the scoundrels! You must, therefore, go over there, go Anthony."

I confess that, though I had studied logic at Oxford, I hardly saw the *sequitur* which seemed so convincing to my uncle. Why, because "the scoundrels would as soon stick a knife into you as look at you," I was necessarily to "go over there," I confess was not at the first blush so evident to me as I could have desired. It is true that, as my Scotch cousin, old Mrs. McCallum Nye, suggested, my uncle is my heir presumptive; but the idea thus conjured up is altogether too shocking, and could only have originated over very strong green tea. For my part, I have long since come to the conclusion that what my good uncle, who, as a military man, cannot be expected to talk with as much precision as he acts, really meant was: "These Irish are troublesome fellows, and it requires a man of your energy and courage, my dear Anthony, to keep them in proper order." At least, this is how I should have expressed myself under similar circumstances.

The upshot of this conversation was that, to keep up my reputation with my uncle, I determined to visit my Irish property. I resolved, however, to go armed to the teeth—that is to

say, if any weapon could be found suitable for my incisors. My property was situated in a lonely part of Tipperary, about four miles from the nearest post-town. There was no house of any pretension upon it, but in its stead a small shooting-box, which in his younger days my father had occupied for a short time each year for sporting purposes. I wrote over for some one to put this "box" in habitable order, and intimated that I was about to come over for a fortnight's shooting. I thought it, on the whole, better to say nothing about the rents, but to arrange this matter subsequently in confidential interviews with my tenants.

It was in the beginning of September that I crossed St. George's Channel. My uncle accompanied me to the steamer. I could have wished him to come farther. His military training would have been invaluable. But it seemed that his honor somehow depended on his kicking a brother officer that same evening at the United Fire-eater's Club, and this operation, with its probable consequences, would require all his time and thoughts for the present. His last words to me were (I leave out the *hors-d'œuvres* with which he was wont to garnish his discourse); "Give it them hot, Tony, my boy. Load with slugs, and aim low. That'll tickle them, I promise you."

When the steamer was out at sea, and I began to ponder this advice, I confess I more than ever regretted that my gallant uncle had not come with me to set the example of putting it in practice. I had never been much of a sportsman. I hardly knew what slugs (except in a horticultural sense) were, and the aiming low was, after all, a very indefinite injunction. "Low" was such a purely relative term. How low was I to aim? Above all, why was I necessarily to aim at all, and at whom? Was I to commence a promiscuous fire over my estate on my first appearance amongst my devoted tenantry? And was the "Give it them hot" an historical reminiscence of General Elliot and the siege of Gibraltar, and meant to have a literal application, or a mere mode of metaphorical expression? Yes; I could have wished that my uncle had postponed the vindication of his honor—by the by, the event never found its way into the papers—and accompanied me on my difficult mission.

It is true, I was not alone. I was attended by my body-servant, a man whom I had selected for his gigantic stature and (presumably) corresponding strength and courage. I intended that he should play the part of the executive, whilst I reserved for myself all legislative functions. I also had with me an immense retriever, a good-sized setter—pointers are of no use in Tipperary—and a couple of spaniels. As equipment, we had a light rifle, two double-barrelled guns, a revolver apiece, and a loose assortment of bowie-knives and knuckle-dusters.

It was very nasty weather when we arrived. It seemed to me as if the shooting-box stood on a little tuft in the middle of a swamp. I was driven by a man in a frieze coat, who eyed me from time to time askant in a manner suggestive of sudden death. There was something very like the outline of a pistol in the left-hand pocket of his coat. As I know now that he was one of my tenants who had paid no rent for fifteen years, I consider I had a most fortunate escape. At the least he might have upset me in the hope of cancelling all arrears.

As a matter of fact, however, I was not upset, except morally. The door of the shooting-box was opened by a woman who really seemed to me, with all my respect for her sex, a perfect monster of ugliness. I gasped for breath when I saw her. If I know anything of physiognomy, and I once got a prize for it at school—no; that, now I think of it, was for physiology—that woman had either actually or potentially committed every crime of which a woman is capable. I shuddered, not from fear, but from loathing, and passed into the house.

I call it house, but really it was more in the nature of a cottage. It contained only four rooms, two below and two above. Of those below, one was the kitchen, the other the reception-room. The two upper chambers were bed-rooms; and it is a remarkable instance of the eccentricity of the Irish character, as evidenced even in house-building, that in addition to the interior staircase there was at the back an external one of stone, leading to one of these bed-rooms. As I don't much care to have people walking up outside-staircases into my bed-room when I am asleep, I at once told John—his real name was Albert Edward—that that would be his apartment. He grinned in a feeble and foolish manner, but said nothing.

I can't say I felt comfortable that first night. The house seemed to me so utterly defenceless. The front door, which ought to have been of stout oak thickly studded with nails, was a mere thin plank of deal. The windows had no fastenings, and though there were shutters, they were very weak and rickety. Then the wind howled in a way I never heard in England. The old woman's conversation was not more cheerful than her face. A good many people, according to her account, had come to grief at different times in the bog behind the house. If you trod on a soft place, you descended through a kind of slush a depth of sixty feet at least, and never came up again. Then it seemed that my father's former agent had been the last person to occupy the house, and his "potting" had been performed from behind the hedge which bounded the road to the front-door. So, as the old woman observed, it wasn't all wind that we heard; some of it was ghosts.

I was really glad when the horrid old thing said she must go. She belonged to a cottage

about half a mile off, or perhaps I should say the cottage belonged to her. She too was one of my tenants, in so far as condescending to squat on my property could make her one. I never heard that she had been at any time insulted by a call for rent.

When she had gone, John and I sat for some time by the kitchen fire drinking whisky. Then I made him load all the fire-arms, and we prepared to go to bed. We distributed the dogs throughout the house. I took into my room the retriever, as being the biggest. John possessed himself of the setter as his companion for the night. The two spaniels were given the range of the rooms and entrance passage down stairs. Then I bolted my door, and, with the retriever on a mat before it and my weapons within easy reach of my bed, attempted to sleep. It was not, however, till morning dawned that I succeeded. I need scarcely say it was not timidity that kept me awake. It was the actual noise of the wind and the uncomfortable sensations always excited in finely-strung organizations by a strange bed.

The next day I formed a sudden and, as I thought, sagacious resolution. I would make the personal acquaintance of my tenantry, and study their characters and habits before I commenced the business which had brought me to Ireland. By way of a beginning, I determined to take vigorously to shooting. I did not think it necessary to mention this to my uncle, when writing to announce my arrival. It is so difficult to explain things properly in a letter.

I got the old woman to provide me with a guide. It seemed that there were two tolerably safe approaches to my abode; the one the road I had come last night from the post-town, the other a less formal way leading to the nearest gentleman's house. I chose the latter, meaning to diverge from time to time whenever a "gamey bit" should present itself. I only got one shot—at a jack snipe. He dropped, not indeed at the instant I fired, though very soon afterwards; but it was in such a dangerous part of the bog that we were obliged to leave him.

About a mile and a half from my "box" there was a very pretty little hill, on which stood a well-built and comfortable-looking house. It was inhabited, so my guide told me, by a Mr. O'Shindy, a very fine Irish gentleman of the old school, and his family. The ancestors of Mr. O'Shindy had, at some remote period of Ireland's history, governed that part of the country according to the laws of tanistry, and their descendants had in consequence the local status of kings, queens, princes, or princesses, as the case might be. Moreover, in view of this state of affairs, their tenantry had fewer conscientious scruples with respect to the payment of rent than the tenantry of Saxon proprietors, and the O'Shindies were in consequence in very comfortable circumstances.

On all relating to the O'Shindies the guide was very communicative. According to his account, and it seemed to me he repeated the assertion with an offensive emphasis of comparison on the personal pronoun, "He was a rare gentleman." About Mrs. O'Shindy there was less effusion of sentiment, unless indeed the description of her as "a bit soft" may be viewed in that light. But the young and only daughter seemed to stir all the poetry of my guide's fine Celtic nature. She was as beautiful as she was clever, and more amiable than either. Then, too, she had such a "sperrit." She rode better to hounds than any other lady within fifty miles, and had on several occasions distinguished herself for her almost masculine courage.

As I heard all this, it was not in human nature but that the thought should slide into my mind. "To judge by this description, how exactly Miss O'Shindy and myself would suit each other! She is famous for her courage; so am I. She will hear of the hazardous mission in which I am even now engaged, and this cannot fail to give her the most favorable impression of my character."

Just as this thought was passing through my mind, we had reached a kind of hedge in which there was a gap. Still meditating, I passed through the gap, and was advancing slowly, when I saw the figure as of an old gentleman with white hair some way in front of me, and became aware that this figure was not only shouting vehemently, but also brandishing a stick with extreme fury. The fine instinct of the gentleman, which never deserts me for a moment, at once told me that I was an intruder, and led me to withdraw with perhaps even more rapidity than was consistent with graceful motion. But the old gentleman was not to be thus appeased. He bore down upon the scene of action with considerable velocity, and, as he came nearer, I could see that even my uncle's face had no pretension to compete with his in crimson glory. There seemed no doubt that, without even intending it, I had been already carrying out my uncle's injunction and "giving it them hot," for certainly anything hotter than the countenance of the new-comer I had never up to this time beheld.

"By the blood of all the O'Shindies," he began, as soon as he got within easy speaking distance, "I'll teach ye to trespass upon me property—under me very nose too!"

I dislike a man who shouts very close to you, so I drew back a few more paces, and then said:

"I am sure, Mr. O'Shindy, you will excuse the error of a stranger."

"Error of a stranger, indeed!" cried the old gentleman, more viciously than before. "What business have strangers in Ireland at all, sir?"

Tell me that. Isn't it enough that ye've reduced me property bit by bit, but ye must come trampling with scorn on what yet remains?"

Mr. O'Shindy did not talk with much brogue, but his indignation made him thrill his 'r's, in a way which would have been alarming to any one less courageous than myself.

I did not know what to answer. I had not knowingly deprived him of any portion of his ancestral estates; but then I could not but see that it was very probable, from what my guide had told me, that all that property which I now called mine had, at some former epoch, belonged to the O'Shindy royal-family. So it really seemed as if in this respect he had some cause of complaint, and as to "trampling with scorn on what remained," there was no doubt I had trespassed, and I was well aware that my habitual carriage was so lofty—especially since I had taken my degree—that it might not be possibly convey to the mind of a stranger some idea of contempt. So, considering all this, I drew back yet a little farther, and remained silent.

The guide came to the rescue.

"This, yer honor, is a gentleman as has come over from England to collect his rents," he said, in a brogue which I despair of reproducing on paper; and at the same time I thought I detected him exchanging a significant glance with Mr. O'Shindy.

"Oh, if that's the case," said the latter, rather grimly, "he's not likely to be here very long, and it's a pity he shouldn't have his fling."

There seemed to me to be some latent meaning in the old gentleman's speech, but taken literally it was harmless enough. I had no intention of remaining very long, and it was therefore only considerate to let me see all I wanted, or as Mr. O'Shindy metaphorically expressed it, to "have my fling."

I found afterwards that this gentleman had inherited from his kingly ancestors an uncomfortable habit of flying into a tremendous rage on very slight provocation. His passion, however, was apt to go as suddenly as it came, and this was the case now.

"I am afraid," he said, with a change of manner which startled me almost more than his recent fury—"I am afraid you must think my mode of address rather abrupt, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Aldred," I suggested stiffly.

"Aldred," continued the old gentleman. "The fact is, this spot is at certain times overrun with tourists, who have no right to be in the neighborhood. But you, as I gather, are our nearest neighbor, and under these circumstances my first duty, as well as pleasure, is to offer you my poor hospitality."

I think I should have declined this obliging offer if I had not at that moment caught sight of a white dress fluttering behind the hedge which enclosed Mr. O'Shindy's lawn. The old gentleman seemed to divine my thoughts, for he said, "My mother and daughter will be very happy to make your acquaintance."

I could not resist this renewed invitation, so we went together towards Mr. O'Shindy's house. On entering the garden we found ourselves face to face with two ladies. The elder was one of the very oldest-looking old ladies I had ever seen. Mr. O'Shindy himself appeared quite juvenile beside her. The other was a young lady of two or three-and-twenty, whose appearance was all that my guide's description had led me to expect.

Mr. O'Shindy introduced me to the ladies as Mr. Aldred, who had come to Ireland to collect his rents.

"He's very young," said the old lady, whom I now remembered the guide to have described as "a bit soft." "And he's very like poor Mr. Gathers."

Mr. Gathers was the agent who had had the misfortune to be "potted."

"Well, really," said Mr. O'Shindy, laughing, "there can't be such a very great resemblance, as poor Mr. Gathers was past fifty when he died, and this gentleman cannot be more than five-and-twenty."

"Fifty and five-and-twenty!" snorted the old lady contemptuously. "Why, how you talk, Matthew! Young people are always alike. It's only age that brings out the individual. Come now, can you tell the difference between a small child of four and a big child of two?"

Mr. O'Shindy was compelled to own that he would not lay heavy odds on his powers in this respect, and the old lady declared herself satisfied. Her own age gave her, of course, an authority in such matters at least equal to that of two ordinary individuals.

Meanwhile I had been blushing and stammering in front of Miss O'Shindy. I imagined that a lady of two-and-twenty is a good deal older than a man of five-and-twenty. At any rate, she took the lead in our dialogue. She seemed, notwithstanding my embarrassment, to be favorably impressed with me, for she said, with an air of the utmost sincerity:

"I do so admire your courage, Mr. Aldred."

I was not, then, deceived. Courage I had always known to be my strong point, and it was already producing on her the effect I desired. I guessed, of course, to what she referred; but not knowing what else to say, and being at the moment on the verge of conversational syncope, I caught at the nearest monosyllable:

"Why?"

She smiled, oh, so prettily, showing such sweet little rows of pearls, and said:

"Because, as no doubt you know, it's very dangerous indeed for an Englishman to collect his rents about here."

"What do they do?" I asked; for there was

a precision in her speech which brought the idea of danger very forcibly before me.

"Oh, you know, Mr. Aldred," she answered, with another smile. "What did they do to poor Mr. Gathers?"

It seemed to me rather odd that she should smile at the recollection of such a melancholy occurrence. But then, I suppose, in Ireland one gets so used to these things.

We had a good deal more conversation; but I confess the fate of Mr. Gathers occupied my thoughts during the whole time. I am always ready to meet my man in fair fight, but to be "potted" from behind a hedge is neither just nor agreeable.

When I rose to take leave, Mr. O'Shindy insisted upon accompanying me home. I begged him not to incommode himself.

"Oh, I shall like the walk," he said; "and besides, there are one or two awkward hedges on your way, and it's getting darkish. My presence will be a protection."

It seemed to me when I heard this speech, uttered in the most matter-of-fact way, that things were getting very ticklish indeed. I was evidently supposed to carry my life in my hand. This might be highly honorable, but it was also a somewhat tiresome position. If only my uncle had been with me to aid me with his military experience!

On the whole, I thought it no more than justifiable diplomacy to endeavor to disabuse the mind both of Mr. O'Shindy and of my guide of the idea that I had come to collect my rents; so I turned sharp round on the latter, who was walking some paces behind, and said:

"Who told you, Rory, that I was come to collect my rents?"

"We knows it, yer honor."

"Well, you know quite wrong; such an idea never entered my head."

Rory shook his own in an ominous manner, and said:

"I allus said as how yer honor never would collect them."

The remark had evidently a double meaning. The guide did not believe my assertion, but had no doubt knowledge of some conspiracy which would effectually prevent me from carrying out my supposed purpose.

"It is a truly noble pleasantry," said Mr. O'Shindy; "but when once they get an idea into their heads, it is very difficult to eradicate. And of all ideas, the one they hate most is that of an Englishman collecting rents. That sad accident to Mr. Gathers is a case in point."

"Accident!" I exclaimed. "Was it an accident?"

"I suppose so," he said, "since no one was ever punished for it. What else are you to call it? A man sits behind a hedge for hours, and shoots nobody and nothing—a sufficient presumption that he is not there for shooting purposes. All at once the gun goes off, some one happens most unluckily to be in front of the result is—an accident. It is most unfortunate."

I must say I found Mr. O'Shindy's conversation the reverse of cheerful. Added to this, it was now almost dark. I think I must have been tired too, for my knees seemed to be giving way beneath me.

At last we reached my abode. I pressed Mr. O'Shindy to enter, but he declined. Before taking leave, however, he drew me a little apart, and said in a whisper:

"If you take your guide with you on your shooting excursions, it might be as well not to let him carry your gun. He isn't very strong, you know, and in a bad port of the bog he might slip, and it might go off in his hands. You understand."

That horrible marshy climate must have affected me; for, as Mr. O'Shindy said this, I felt a cold sweet stand out on my forehead. Then Mr. O'Shindy added:

"If you should ever want assistance in the night, or anything of that sort, you have only to come to us."

"Yes," I thought, with intense suppressed irony; "that's all. I've only to come to you, in pitch darkness, over a mile and a half of quaking bog, and pursued by a score of blood-thirsty ruffians—that's all."

"And remember we shall always be glad to see you, Mr. Aldred, for the short time that that pleasure may be possible."

Again the marshy air seized me.

"For the short time that that pleasure may be possible," I thought. Confound the old croaker!

Then Mr. O'Shindy shook hands with me in a cordial if melancholy manner, and went on his home-ward way. My first thought was to see that John was safe. He answered my call all right. Then I proceeded to dismiss the guide, paying him liberally, but telling him I should not require his services again for the next few days, by which I meant—never.

"And as to that foolish idea of yours, Rory, that I am come to collect my rents, pray get it out of your head as quickly as you can, and tell my friends about here that it's all a mistake. I've come to improve their cottages and all that."

The wretched man only shook his head gloomily. It was clear he was not convinced. I began really to think that my days were numbered.

That night the wind howled so frightfully that I could not sleep at all, but sat up with John and the four dogs, drinking whisky-punch. I don't mean, of course, that the dogs drank whisky-punch, only that they sat up, or rather lay down, with us.

The next morning I sent John to reconnoitre the hedges in the immediate neighborhood, and then set out for the town, in order to consult

the chief of the county constabulary as to the dangers of my position. I arrived safely at my destination, and found the gentleman I sought.

"Well, Mr. Aldred," he said, when I had detailed the circumstances of the case, "there is no doubt that public opinion is very sensitive in these parts on the question of rent. I should not be doing my duty if I did not tell you that you are in a position of some danger."

"Could you give me a constable as body-guard?"

"He would be quite useless. It is nearly as easy to 'pot' two men as one. And the first effect would be to make you still more obnoxious to the local public. Your only course is to try to allay suspicion and to be very cautious in your movements. Of course, should anything happen to you, you may depend upon it that no effort on my part shall be spared to bring the offenders to justice. The majesty of the law shall, if possible, be vindicated."

It is odd how differently the same question can strike different minds. This was the part of the matter which seemed to possess the chief, if not only, interest for the police official.

"But," I said, "my object in coming to you is to obtain protection during life, not vindication after death."

"Sir," he replied, becoming very sententious, "law is law, and sentiment is sentiment. Your present application is sentiment. Should your fears be realised, then an offence will have been committed,—that's law; and we shall know how to act."

On hearing this, I think I should have returned that same evening to England (for what is the use or glory of being "potted"? but for two things. The one was a very strong desire to see Sophy O'Shindy at least once more; the other an occurrence which took place on my leaving the office of the police-superintendent.

I was still pondering his words of wisdom, and in consequence paying no attention to what passed around me, when I suddenly felt a violent slap on my left shoulder and heard a hoarse guffaw in the corresponding ear. Looking round indignantly, I saw that bolsters fellow, Turner of Tyndall's Hall, and another Oxford friend.

"What a lark!" cried Turner. "Fancy you being here, Dred. And the talk of the town too! It's too good!"

"What has the town got to say about me?" I asked rather defiantly.

"Oh, that you're a doomed man. That you live in a little cottage on a moor, and that two hundred Tipperary boys have sworn to have your life. It's excellent! Beats anything I ever read of!"

Again the quotidian ague came over me. Two hundred sworn murderers! With all my courage, what could I hope to do again such a number?

"It may strike you as a very good joke, my dear fellow," I answered at length with solemnity; for really Turner's jesting manner seemed to me sadly out of place; "but it is a very serious matter, I can assure you. In the cause of duty I carry my life in my hand."

"No doubt, and you won't carry it long there either, by all accounts. You must be very fond of what you call 'duty,' and I call 'tia,' to risk your life for it."

"A brave man should always be ready to risk it."

"In a good cause."

"And where find a better cause than bringing these misguided tenants to a sense of their duty and teaching them to discharge their obligations?"

"That is, to pay their rents?"

"Exactly," I answered, forgetting for the moment what I had told Mr. O'Shindy and my guide the night before.

The first thought that occurs on meeting an old friend is to offer him hospitality. I had been thinking of this from the moment Turner and his companion had appeared. How nice it would be to have a chat together over some whisky-punch, and how cheerful their presence would make my little cottage! As bachelors, of course they could put up with a little roughing. I now gave my invitation, couching it in the very warmest terms.

"Much obliged, old boy," answered Turner; "but it's really too dangerous. Might get 'potted' in mistake for you, you know."

"Nonsense!" I said. "It's not so bad as all that."

"I hope not, for your sake; but anyhow, I'm too timid. Besides, we have an engagement to dine here to-night. But we'll come and look you up some time, never fear. It's on the straight road from here, ain't it?"

"As straight as you can go along that road there, about four miles, and the name of the estate is Bally-mud-colly."

"All right. You'll see us one of these days. Ta ta!"

When they were gone I looked round for John, who should have been in attendance. He was nowhere to be seen; but after waiting a few moments I saw him, to my great astonishment, emerge from a neighboring cottage. I was now so dependent upon his good offices amongst this blood-thirsty population, that I did not care to run any risk of offending him by administering the rebuke he deserved, and only said: "You have some friends here, then?"

"Yes, sir; I come from these parts."

"The dickens you do!" I exclaimed; "I thought you told me you were an Englishman."

"So I am, sir; but my family's settled here." No more was said, and I began to think of returning home. All at once a brilliant idea struck me. I would hire a horse and covered

carriage for the return journey. It must, at all events, be much more difficult to "pot" a man in a carriage than on foot. No sooner said than done. At the last moment, instead of going straight home, I ordered the driver to take me to Mr. O'Shindy's. I longed to see the fair Sophy once more, and I had a not, I think, altogether unfounded impression that she would not object to see me.

Mr. O'Shindy was out. I had what was practically a tête-à-tête with his charming daughter; for her grandmamma fell asleep almost immediately after my arrival, and, though perhaps, "soft" in other respects, was decidedly hard as a sleeper. Sophy and I made immense progress. I do not know that I ever got on so well with a lady in so short a time. Her obvious admiration of my courage gave me a moral confidence which rendered me much less embarrassed with her than I usually am with members of her sex. Then, too, hers was a warm, impulsive Celtic nature. I made no secret of my admiration, and she certainly seemed to give me as much encouragement as it becomes a maiden to give.

When I rose to take leave, after a stay of at least an hour, I felt no longer on earth. I seemed walking in the clouds, and, if Mr. O'Shindy could have seen me, he would have been justified in repeating his speech about "the scornn" with which I "trampled" on his property. Such is the elevating influence of love.

I had myself driven home, leaning well back in the carriage. Having ordered it again for the morrow, I dismissed the driver, and then made John put up the shutter stand otherwise arrange the defences of my residence. By this time the exaltation of love had in some measure subsided, and the sense of the imminent peril in which I lived had come over me once more. I was not alarmed. But I had been warned to be cautious, and I was. I more than ever regretted the absence of my two friends. They were not only cheerful companions, but in case of an attack would have been invaluable auxiliaries.

This thought was just crossing my mind when John made his appearance unsummoned, and of all mad requests in the world, asked to be permitted to return to the town and spend the evening there. It appeared he had been invited to a wake, and, though not an Irishman himself, he possessed a keen appetite for such Irish amusements as promised a plentiful supply of liquor. In this respect the man was truly cosmopolitan.

Of course I refused his request, and John retired, looking very sulky indeed. I was sorry for him, but what was I to do? Was I to reduce the garrison of a besieged fortress by exactly one-half with the view of effecting only a little diversion? It was clearly contrary to all the rules of war, and unfair to the half that would have to remain.

Not having slept at all the previous night, I own I was dog-tired; so I sent John and the setter to bed, and followed myself with the retriever. I need scarcely add that all the guns, pistols, &c., after being first fired off outside the front-door, to scare any lurking enemy, were carefully reloaded for actual use against him, should he present himself.

For a time I slept soundly. Once I heard the retriever growling, but this was so obviously at some noise in John's room—these big men can't help making a row even when they're asleep—that it did not discompose me, and I soon went off again.

How long I slept I do not know. I only know that all at once I was awakened by a yell which made me start up in bed in horror. At the same instant all the four dogs began barking furiously.

I must own that, in spite of my courage, my heart beat with a violence which seemed likely to batter down my chest. There could be no doubt that my hour was come. My two hundred sworn enemies had encompassed the house, and nothing remained for me but to sell my life as dearly as possible.

The horrible yell was repeated. It seemed to proceed from many throats, and from the front of the house. It was to my mind a singular proof of the dimensions to which lawlessness had attained in Ireland that these murderers should attempt no concealment, but burst out in yells which elsewhere would have roused the country.

For one awful instant I remained in bed, grasping the bedclothes with firm, indomitable hand. Then, light as a fawn, I leapt out of bed with such far-reaching agility that I lighted, without intending it, on my retriever, who at once changed his bark into a howl of agony. I felt that it was above all things necessary that John should be aroused. I knew how soundly he slept, and the ruffians might murder him in his sleep.

I rushed into his room. I flew to his bed. It was empty, with the exception that the setter was standing upon it and barking furiously.

Where was John? A horrible misgiving crossed my mind. What if he were leagued with my enemies? The door leading to the outside staircase was open. I gently closed and bolted it, and considered what to do next.

The whole time there was the sound of hoarse voices mingled with occasional yells in front of the house. Amidst oaths and execrations I caught my own name. Should I open to the ruffians, and, falling on my knees, entreat forgiveness for having offended them by my presence, at the same time offering to sign a bond—it would not have cost me much self-denial—never to return to Ireland? No; it was too dangerous. In their infuriated state they would not, I felt sure, listen to any explanation or engagement. Or should I commence 'potting' them from the window? I had two guns, a

rifle, and a couple of revolvers ready loaded. But these would only account for at the outside, a dozen of my foes, and their slaughter would naturally increase the fury of the other one hundred and eighty-eight. So this plan was also rejected.

What if, after all, it were possible to escape? The sounds proceeded from the front of the house. The stone staircase led down to the back, where there was a little garden enclosed in walls. I might, perhaps, flee through this garden, make good my escape to the bog, and follow the path to Mr. O'Shindy's house. The night was not absolutely dark. With luck I might find my way.

This seemed my only chance. Stealthily opening the door, and giving the retriever and setter a kick to divide between them and keep them from following, I cautiously descended the steps. I gained the garden unperceived. With the speed of a wild Indian, I had traversed it. I was already on the bog with the house between me and my enemies. I had the good luck to find the firm road. I fled along it with the swiftness, if not the grace, of a gazelle. At first I thought I heard sounds as of people in pursuit. It may have been fancy, but it served to make me redouble my pace. In an incredibly short time I had gained the mansion of the O'Shindies. I snatched at the bell and rang it with a force which broke the wire. At the same moment I became aware of Mr. O'Shindy's watchdog within a yard of my heels.

An instant before, I had been utterly out of breath, but I now found enough to murmur an appeal *ad misericordiam* to this stern janitor.

"Poor old boy, then—was a good dog," I said in my sweetest accents.

But Tozer was not to be taken in by such cheap blandishments. He knew he had a duty to perform, and prepared to perform it. Showing his teeth in the most formidable manner, he drew yet nearer, and gave a preliminary sniff of investigation. I had no strength to do battle with him. For the first time, too, I became aware of the extreme lightness of my attire. I had fled from the scene of murder in the solitary garment sacred to Somnus. This had been an advantage during my rapid flight, but was the reverse in the proximity of a bull-dog.

I huddled myself close against the door, still pouring forth entreaties and cajolings to the inexorable Tozer. Perhaps he was contented with having thus morally pinned me, or was embarrassed by the plethora of possibilities which my lack of clothing afforded him. All I know is, that he had not yet fixed his teeth in my flesh when the front door was so suddenly opened that I fell flat on my face into the entrance-hall. There was a general shriek at my apparition. A strong hand seized me on the instant and raised me to my feet. It was Mr. O'Shindy, who, with great presence of mind, thus did his best to relieve the awkwardness of my position. On recovering my erect posture, I cast a furtive glance around. If I had always blushed at the presence of ladies, my feelings may be imagined perhaps, but never described, as I now found myself in my ingenious dishabille before Mr. O'Shindy's assembled household. An instant later, and there was a general stampede on the part of the ladies. Only Mr. O'Shindy, his two men-servants, and the pertinacious Tozer, who had conceived it his duty to follow me into the hall, remained.

At first I could only gasp: "They are at the cottage."

"Who?" asked Mr. O'Shindy sternly.

"The murderers!"

"Oh," said Mr. O'Shindy, more graciously, "I knew they'd come before long; but I didn't fancy it would have been quite so soon. How did you escape?"

I told him. I painted in vivid colors the horrible scene through which I had so lately passed. I described—from imagination—the numbers, the looks, the weapons of my assailants.

"Well," said Mr. O'Shindy, "you had better stay with us for the rest of the night. I will lend you some clothes, and to-morrow you can return to the cottage, and make what investigations you judge best."

Again I went to bed, but, as may be well imagined, not to sleep. The next morning I asked to be allowed to have breakfast in my own room, being really too bashful to face the ladies again so soon after my unceremonious interview in the night. Then Mr. O'Shindy proposed that I should go down with him to the cottage.

"The danger is over for the present," he said; "and I daresay you will find everything untouched. It is you they want, not your property."

I inwardly resolved that I should be wanting in that part of Ireland for the rest of my natural life, but I said nothing.

We drew near to the house. To the great astonishment of Mr. O'Shindy and myself, the ruffians seemed still in possession of it. The windows were open, and the sound as of men engaged in a carouse reached our ears.

"It is very singular," said Mr. O'Shindy. "Let us peep in."

I had no desire to peep; Mr. O'Shindy assured me so positively that, whoever the ruffians might be, I was perfectly safe in his company, that at last I consented to follow him at some distance. From behind a holly-bush we peeped into my reception-room.

There, sure enough, were four figures, two with their backs to us. They were drinking my whisky, and talking loudly and incoherently. Their aspect was altogether so forbidding that I was about to retire as noiselessly as possible, when one of the men nearest the window turned suddenly round. It was Charley Turner!

In an instant, in his mad way, he was through

the window, and had seized me and dragged me into the room. Mr. O'Shindy followed.

"You see we've kept our promise," shouted Turner. "We've come to see you, and brought a couple of fellows with us."

"I wish you'd come earlier," I said; "you might have been invaluable."

"Well, it was about as early as any one could come," answered Turner, grinning. "It was just one in the morning."

Mr. O'Shindy looked at me.

"Why," he said, "that must have been just after the attack."

"What attack?" cried Turner. "You don't mean to say you've had two attacks in one night? I'm sure we attacked you enough. First we yelled and shouted, and when that wouldn't do, we just broke down your oak—privilege of old chums, you know—and made ourselves at home. But where have you been?"

What I should have said had I been alone, I don't know; and I ought to be thankful that the presence of Mr. O'Shindy saved me from the temptation to put in practice all I had learnt at Oxford about the use and expediency of 'the economy.'

The little that remains to be told is so painful, that the more it is condensed the better. Turner and his friend—and I must say it gives me some slight satisfaction to be able to take this revenge upon them—had got so exuberant at the dinner to which they went after seeing me, that nothing would content them but to drag their host and another guest out to my abode at one o'clock in the morning. "It will be a little surprise for him in his loneliness," Turner had said. And so it proved. I still maintain, however, and always shall, that under the peculiar circumstances of the case, the line I took was the only one consistent with a proper regard for the sanctity of human life, especially your own.

As to John, it seems that, not having succeeded in obtaining my permission to attend the wake, he went without it—*quocumque modorem*—thus leaving me defenceless. I dismissed him the instant I got back to a country where I thought it safe to do so.

I did not stay more than a few hours longer at Bally-mud-colly. If I had had any wish to see Miss O'Shindy again, this would not have survived the new light thrown on my night adventures, and the discovery which I now made—that Charley Turner, who had already formed the acquaintance of her and her father in Dublin, was on his way to pay them a fortnight's visit. About three weeks later, I saw their marriage in the papers. May they be happy! I don't much care for Charley Turner now, and certainly shall not accept his invitation to visit him.

My uncle was naturally very indignant at the abortive result of my mission.

"If I had gone," he said, "the result would have been very different."

"It is not yet too late, uncle," I answered; "the cottage, and all the rents you can get out of the estate are at your service."

He said he would think of it; but the thought in this case seems to be of the most sluggish description, for it has not yet ripened into any decision. I see very little of him now.

VERY STRANGE.—I was at a wedding many years ago, and there were the usual festivities consequent on such an occasion; but I noticed that the bridegroom's face wore a scared, restless expression, and that he looked now and again over his shoulder like one who expected some one, and that one not a welcome guest. His name was George Cleugh—a fine, manly, strapping fellow, not long out of his teens. The bride was a winsome country wench, and she strove by light-hearted gaiety to dispel the gloom from her husband-elect's brow. I discovered the cause of the bridegroom's gloom from one of the guests present. It seemed that he had for three nights successively dreamed a fearful dream. In his vision a brother who for many years had been lost to sight—having wandered to foreign parts—suddenly appeared on his wedding night, and that he in a solemn tone had warned the lover-husband of his death at twelve o'clock that evening. We waited, some of us with superstitious dread and others with marked unbelief, the advent of the hour of twelve. It struck, and at that moment a fearful change became apparent in the bridegroom. His face became deeply pale, and he shivered as with ague. He took a few steps forward, and cried aloud, as if to some invisible person, "I come! I come!" and then fell dead on the floor. Can men of science and philosopher explain this occurrence, of which I was an eye-witness? Is there a subtle chain binding the finite and infinite so closely as to amount to fore-knowledge through the medium of dreams? I heard afterwards that his brother had died years before in Chilly, though none were aware of it before the hapless bridegroom's decease. Surely there are things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in our philosophy.—I am, &c., Andw. N. Aitken, 22, Campbell-street.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—The following anecdote is told of a Western Methodist preacher: "Within the bounds of one of his first circuits was little village, into which had recently removed some people of the better class from New England. As he walked forth once at eventide, to meditate on the edge of the settlement, his ear was caught by a concord of sweet sounds borne upon the breeze. He stopped to listen, and exclaimed with rapture; 'Was ever such a set of sheep-bells heard?' He was listening to a piano-forte for the first time."





AFTER THE VICTORY.—By J. FARR.

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## THE EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

Of the various prevailing modes of education, that adopted for the formation of the female character is the most defective and misdirected. From the qualifications which the custom of society has been pleased to dole out to women, and the number of literary pursuits prescribed to them, in consequence of the foolish and overweening vanity of man (or rather, his arrogant assumption of superiority of intellect), in mistaking and conceitedly supposing that he alone is capable of comprehending them, it seems a necessary implication, that it was the intention of the authors of the notable device that the female portion of the species should never become women, but should always remain girls. By the moodish, frivolous, and misdirected plan of "accomplishments," as they are termed, instead of mental culture, the female mind is curtailed of its just proportions, and its powers are rendered waste and unproductive. By the bygone process in vogue among our grandmothers, of limiting the education of their daughters to cross-stitch and embroidery—to patch-work and piecing—to pickling and preserving—to the reparation of cotton and woollen hose, and chronicling of small beer—to the consideration of notable housewifery as the sole qualification for womankind—the grand and distinguishing symbol of domestic virtue and perfection—woman was not only excluded from a participation in the knowledge of all the sublime and ennobling truths of moral and intellectual science, but seems to have been considered merely a household drudge, or a creature of show—the instrument for supplying man's wants and necessities, instead of holding that rank and condition in the social scale which was ordained her by Heaven and the precepts of Christianity—his friend and equal, and a being of immortal hopes and destinies, as well as himself.

But, as female influence, though silent and unpretending, is great and decided on the interests and welfare of society (indeed, is the main and most powerful spring in the regulation and impulsion of the entangled machinery of human action—even her smile has the power of calling up the latent energies of man), and tends more to the advancement of excellence among men than any other human incentive, the proper direction of the female mind, the disciplining of it, and the exercise of its powers on matters of the utmost importance, not only to the present generation, but also to those that are to appear in indefinite succession on the theatre of existence. By the full development of the moral and the intellectual powers of woman, and the elevation of her worth and character in the scale of society, the hastening of the approach of a more perfect state of society, of the attainment of a higher tone of morals and mental illumination, may with confidence be looked

to; for the history of nations furnishes incontrovertible evidence that in proportion to the elevation or the depression of the sex, in the same ratio has the improvement of the condition of society progressed or retrograded; indeed, the condition of women is a safe index to determine the social advancement of states. According as the mental talents of women are elicited and cultivated, in the same proportion she is qualified to become man's instructive and interesting companion, or a clog and make-weight in retarding his progress and advancement to the full ordination of his being. As long as she is allowed to remain in a comparatively mental state of bondage and ignorance, so long must every qualification of man, the value of which woman cannot appreciate, be retarded, from the mere want of that applause and admiration, which man is most anxious to obtain, and which is not only his stimulus to exertion, but is also the sweetest and securest bond of virtue.

Another strong and conclusive argument that a substantial education—that is, one partaking of a little more sense, a little more science, a little more intellectuality, or, in more popular language, a few of the general principles of moral intellectual knowledge—of science and literature—should be given to females, is, that as maternal education forms the substratum upon which all instruction that is subsequently communicated is grounded, it is an indisputable axiom of ethical truth, that according to the groundwork the mother lays, she has the most decided influence on the future character and destinies of her offspring. To her charge is committed the immortal treasure of the infant mind—the cherishing and expanding the earliest germs of our intellect—the eliciting of the development of our moral and intellectual capabilities—the giving of the earliest, and therefore the most important, bias to the disposition. In fact, to her is conided, by the ordination of heaven, the power of moulding man into the worst or the best of created beings—whether he is to be virtuous or vicious—a useful or a useless member of society—the humble instrument for the fulfilment of the wise and inscrutable purposes of ineffable goodness and illimitable wisdom, or the bane and disgrace of humanity. As has been well and justly observed, "Possessed of warm and tender attachments, pure morals, and high religious feelings, woman is peculiarly calculated for the sacred charge of watching over and training up the young, and of instilling into their tender and plastic minds the beautiful lessons of early wisdom—of faith, truth, and charity." In truth, the foundation of many of the greatest and brightest minds that have adorned human nature—of patriots, philanthropists, improvers and benefactors of their species—has been elicited and fostered by maternal care and influence. Let, then, the mothers and daughters of the generation which now is, as well as those which are still to appear on the theatre of being, endeavor to qualify themselves for the same sublime and angelic purpose; and no doubt but that the countless millions of the human race who now are, and still are to come into existence, will derive the same incalculable and permanent benefit from their notable and exalted, their righteous and hallowed, exertions.

## REPORTERS AND WEDDINGS.

There is a form of misery (says a writer in the *Saturday Review*) with which most of us have to make acquaintance at least once in our lives. Mankind has agreed to surround the marriage ceremony with observances of a distressing, not to say ridiculous, nature. It is generally assumed, we need not ask with what accuracy, that a marriage is in itself a cause for congratulation to the persons most immediately interested; and therefore it is inferred that they should suffer cheerfully the small deduction from their satisfaction which is involved in making themselves a show to their acquaintances and to the public generally. As the world becomes more civilized there is a tendency to diminish the quantity of ceremonial observed; the couple are allowed to seek refuge in flight, instead of being exposed to the coarse conviviality customary in former times; speech-making is rapidly dropping out of fashion; and it may be hoped that in time two human beings, performing the most solemn act of their lives, will be allowed to get through the business quietly and seriously without being exposed to the impertinent intrusions of the outside world. The world, however, is not disposed to give up its rights without a struggle. It is curious to remark how, even in London, the general public insists upon associating itself with what surely ought to be a private ceremony. The sight of a coachman with a white favor is sufficient to send a visible thrill of sensation through the population of a whole street. The doors of the church are thronged with a crowd as excited as though, instead of being absolute strangers, they were the attached tenantry of a feudal noble. Little knots of enthusiasts gather outside the house of the bride, and watch for hours on the chance of a distant vision of a wreath of orange flowers or of the white waistcoat of a sheepish young gentleman. The philosopher would be interested by a clear analysis of the state of mind of these unbidden guests. Are the poor ragged figures which gaze through the doors of the social paradise actuated by Communist sentiments? Are they jealous of splendors which they can never obtain, and repining at the arrangements which limit them to beer in place

of champagne? Or do they feel that for the moment all ranks are levelled, and rejoice in the consciousness that, after all, their social superiors are made of flesh and blood, and share the common passions of humanity? Or, as is perhaps more probable, is the ordinary emotion nothing but an unreflecting delight in the spectacle of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and visionary glimpses of sumptuous living? In spite of the democratic jealousy of which we hear so much, there is certainly a great capacity in ordinary human beings of taking a pleasure, which we may call unselfish if we approve, or flunkish if we disapprove, in any display of luxury, whether they have or have not any personal association with it.

## THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

The terrible massacre known by the above title took place at Easter, in the year 1282. It was but a verification of the old proverb of the trodden worm turning to bite its oppressor's foot. At this period the Sicilians were ruled over by a French prince of the House of Anjou, with a tyranny of the most cruel and galling nature. Obnoxious to the Sicilians from his nation, the people had as well to bear the presence of a licentious and brutal alien soldiery to whom nothing was sacred; and the history of the times teems with accounts of the coarse insults to which husbands and fathers of all classes had to submit, as offered to those who were the nearest and dearest of their families. Under such a long course of oppression, it was but little wonder that the hot fire of Italian wrath should be smouldering, and waiting but for some slight fanning to leap into a devastating flame that should destroy all before it. The occasion arrived. Easter Monday being a grand fête day, a procession of the people of Palermo, was formed to attend vespers at a neighboring church; when the French rulers, who gazed with suspicion upon all gatherings of the people, made this a pretext for searching for arms. To a brutal, licentious soldiery, this supplied an opportunity for offering gross insults to the females, one of whom was a young married lady of great beauty and position. Her screams aroused the multitude; the spark was laid to the train; and, led by the lady's father and husband, the people rose in tumult. Arms were seized, and an indiscriminate slaughter of all the French in the city was the result.

This was but the alarm note for a general rising; and in town after town, upon that same day, massacres took place, the news flying swiftly, till not a place remained in the hands of the French but Messina. So hot was the people's rage, and so long a reign of cruelty had they to avenge, that mercy was forgotten, neither sex nor age was spared—French nationality being the password for death. Fortresses were attacked and carried, sharp and decisive engagements took place, and garrison after garrison was slaughtered; Messina only remaining at last to be taken to free the island from foreign yoke. But here a pause ensued; many of the more substantial inhabitants fearing the power of the insurgents as opposed to that of the trained soldiery. But again a spark illumined the fire. A citizen was seized by the French for appearing in public bearing arms. He resisted, aided by friends; but being overcome, they were borne off to prison; when, not content with the conquest, the viceroy sent to arrest the prisoners' wives. This injustice roused the people, who flew to arms, attacked the French, and slaughtered above three thousand, driving the others into their fortresses, which they took after an obstinate defence, and put the defenders to the sword.

The insurrection, commencing as it did on the night of the Palermo procession, has since been known by the name of the Sicilian Vespers. The number of French put to the sword has been variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand; but, whatever the number, the slaughter was fierce and indiscriminate; and, in spite of after-efforts to recover the territory, Sicily was from that time lost to the reigning King of Naples, Charles of Anjou.

A few days ago a gentleman in Concord, N. H., purchased a black horse and took him to a livery stable for keeping. The proprietor has a white cat which strays about the stable, but the other night nothing was seen of her. On going to the stall of the black horse the next morning the cat was found cuddled upon the horse's back sound asleep. She was taken off, and made persistent efforts to get back again, but was prevented from doing so. The horse became restless, and the cat was permitted to go back again, when she immediately went to sleep and the horse became quiet.

Judge B., now on the Supreme Bench of California, was recently trying a case where the farmer claimed damages against a mining company for blowing "vallings" on to the farmer's land. A witness testified as to the effect of a stick lying in the stream of water carrying the vallins and obstructing the same. Judge B. (to witness): How large was the stick you speak of? Witness: I don't recollect.—Judge B.: Can't you approximate to the size? Witness: Well, no; I didn't measure it.—Judge B. (growing impatient): Well, sir, was it as thick as my wrist? Witness: Well, yes, something bigger; from my recollection now, I should judge it to have been about as thick as your head.—A jocular expression seemed to play upon the features of the audience, the size of the stick having been fairly "approximated."

## NEWS NOTES.

The strike on the Erie Railroad has ended.

Deaths, from famine are reported at Nepal, India.

The American fleet, in Florida Bay, are at torpedo practice.

Asiatic cholera at Buenos Ayres is carrying off about 50 persons daily.

There is said to be much sickness among the British troops in Ashantee.

Dr. Livingstone's remains are expected at Zanzibar about the 20th inst.

The Ohio has risen 37 feet at Cincinnati, and fears are entertained of a flood.

It is reported Secretary Fish is to go to England in place of Schenck, resigned.

The insurrection in China is spreading, and the insurgents are marching on Nagasaki.

Twenty-eight thousand persons in the Presidency of Bengal are in distress from want of food.

Horse and cattle disease has broken out in Baker Co., Oregon, and is spreading extensively.

McKay, the supposed author of the fraud on the New York Stock Exchange, has been arrested.

New buildings to the value of twenty-two millions of dollars were erected in New York last year.

The course for American naval cadet engineers is to be four years instead of two, as heretofore.

A grand fête was given by U. S. Minister Jewell at St. Petersburg, in honor of Washington's birth-day.

It is said the English Parliament immediately on re-assembling will be prorogued till the 12th of March.

An earthquake took place at Laguayra on the 6th instant, said to be the most severe one experienced since 1812.

Three companies of infantry and seven of cavalry have been despatched from Cayenne to the vicinity of Red Cloud Agency.

At the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, the Queen has granted a pension of \$1,000 per annum to Dr. Livingstone's children.

Troops had been telegraphed for to Red Cloud Agency, in expectation of an immediate outbreak of hostilities by the Sioux Indians.

It is said that over 3,000 Spaniards were killed in the recent battle near Puerto Principe, Havana, including the Spanish Commander.

All the family of ex-President Baez have been banished from San Domingo, and Gen. Gonzalez, the President elect, was installed on the 27th ult.

The report of the capture of Portugalete is confirmed. General Moriones now confronts the main body of the Carlists, and a general engagement is hourly expected.

One thousand seven hundred and fifty persons employed in the Philadelphia Cotton and Woollen Mills are on strike and mean to hold out till the employers come to terms.

The famine in India threatens some twenty-seven districts, comprising a total population of 40,000,000, twelve districts being described as almost entirely without food and water.

Further outrages are reported by the Indians at Grand River Agency, Dakota, and they will concentrate at the foot of Black Hill by April, preparatory to a general war with the whites during the summer.

A dispatch from Detroit says the heavy wind yesterday drove the ice from the mouth of the Saginaw River into the Bay. Three hundred fishermen are said to be on the floating ice and at last accounts were five miles from land.

An order has been issued for householders and head of families to make a return of all residents on their premises liable to militia duty, non-compliance with which is punishable by fine. All other attempts to get at an accurate conscription list in Cuba have failed.

The official news from general Woiseley, commander of the Ashantee expedition on the 26th ult., is as follows:

"We reached here yesterday after five days hard fighting. The troops behaved admirably. Our casualties are under 300. The King has left the town, but is close by; he promises to visit me to-day and sign a treaty of peace. We hope to start on our return to the coast to-morrow. The wounded are recovering, and the health of the remainder of the army is good."

WINDSOR SOAP.—Slice the best white soap as thin as possible; melt it in a stewpan over a slow fire; scent it with oil of carraway or any other scent, and then pour it into a mould made for that purpose. When it has stood for three or four days in a dry situation, cut it into square pieces, and it is fit for use.

## TALKING IT OVER.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"How long do you say it is, mother, Since I drove Zacharia away, With never a blessing to help him? Just ten years ago to a day? And we have been favored with plenty 'Tis seldom that many enjoy An easier lot; and I wonder If the years have gone hard with the boy?"

"He was willful and proud, you remember, And I was as quick as a flash, And stern in those days, for I fancied, That boys needed plenty of lash. I've thought of it over and over, And grieved not a little for Zach. Poor boy! do you think he imagines How my heart has been calling him back?"

"For ten long, long years, I have carried A burden of shame and regret; But if wormwood we drop in the fountain, Then bitter is the draft that we get. Though seldom we've spoken together Of this, the one grief of our life, You never accused me of harshness, Nor vexed with upbraidings, dear wife."

"The graves that are down by the orchard Seemed never so narrow and small; 'Twas only our Zach, who was spared us, And grew up so handsome and tall, Ah! he was a lad to be proud of, So manly, and honest, and true! And whenever a man was in trouble, He seemed to know just what to do."

"It must be my sight is much clearer In these fond and foolish old days, For I never had one bit of patience With Zach, nor a word in his praise; I thought every minute was wasted He didn't keep steady to work, And ruled—don't shake your head, mother— Like some old tyrannical Turk."

"But I have grown older and wiser, And see, in a sort of amaze, The many great sins I committed In those unregenerate days; And if ever the dear boy should enter These doors—how my glasses grow dim!— Right down on my knees I'd go, mother, A begging forgiveness of him!"

There came a swift step through the entry, The door was thrown speedily back, And flooding the room with his sunshine, Came the handsome young prodigal, Zach! No longer the old folks remember The past, with its sorrows and cares, But feel that—in talking it over— Into heaven they slipped unawares.

## MY COMPANION.

By the Author of "Lady Hutton's Ward," "A Terrible Christmas Eve," &c.

## CHAPTER I.

I hardly thought in my old age to write a story, but I know one that is, I believe, worth the telling. I am a great admirer of quiet heroism and patient endurance; I found both in this little incident that I venture to relate.

About fifteen years since I was living quite alone at my residence, Thorndale Hall. My husband had been dead many years. My only child, Ronald, was away at the Cape with his regiment. I had many acquaintances, but few friends. My own relatives lived in the Highlands of Scotland. My health had been long in a precarious state, so that I was unable to avail myself of the really good society in my neighborhood.

Many people wondered that my only son should have left me alone and in ill-health; but it happened in this way. Ronald always wished for a military life; and his father, anxious to gratify the boy's longings, presented him with a commission as soon as he was old enough to enter the Army.

Three weeks after my dear husband's death the regiment was ordered to the Cape. The service that was expected from it was known to be of some danger, for rebellion was rife among the Kaffirs. Ronald would have thrown up his commission but for this. In the face of danger he could not endure the thought of resigning; nor would I ask him to stay. I heard all that was said of one young lieutenant who had sold out on account of ill-health when he knew the destination of his regiment. I should not have liked the same to be said of Ronald; so I bade him good-bye, with a smile on my lips and something as bitter as the anguish of death in my heart.

I could not help being anxious about him; the reports from the Cape were not cheering, and more than one brave young officer who had gone forth bravely to the fight was numbered with the dead. To this day I remember the faint, cold sickness of dread that seized me when I knew that the South Africa mail was in. I hardly dared to read the paper, lest I should see there that one name that was everything to

me. Suspense and fear preyed upon my mind until I became seriously ill. Then my dear son wrote to scold me; he said that I must not give myself to a solitary life full of melancholy thought, and that if I did not feel well enough to mix much in society I had better try to find a companion. I was charmed with the idea, and wondered much why I had not thought of it before. I did not consult any of the ladies in the neighborhood. I knew that many of them always had a list of governesses and companions on hand, and would be much offended if I did not take the one they recommended. I advertised. I do not like to remember the number of answers I received. My heart was sore and heavy for many days after reading those patient records. After all, I found that plan would not suit. I formed in my own mind an ideal of the lady I should like to live with me, but I could not tell if any of the writers approached it. I determined to go to London and advertise again, requesting this time a personal interview. I went to my old lodgings—nice lofty apartments near Hyde Park. I requested all applicants to call there between twelve and two on a certain morning.

Never shall I forget that morning while I live. The number of ladies who waited upon me was most formidable. Some were old and some were young; some bright with youth's best gift, hope; others worn, haggard, and weary; some still fair and pleasing, others old before their time, and wrinkled with many an anxious care. I wondered then what would, and I wonder now what has, become of them all.

I did not see one face that I thoroughly liked—not one that I felt I could bear to see in Ronald's place, opposite to me, at the table, or at the fire-side. I am difficult to please—my ideal was not among them. I dismissed the applicants kindly, feeling somewhat disappointed at my non-success. Just as the little ormolu clock was chiming two, another ring sounded through the house. I was going upstairs, when I heard a sweet musical voice inquiring if the lady who had advertised was still to be seen. I ordered the new comer to be admitted and shown upstairs.

I liked her at first sight, she seemed so gentle, so graceful, and so timid. She spoke for a few minutes before she threw back the thick veil that covered her face. I was almost startled at its fair delicate loveliness; yet there was something strange about it—something so quiet and so still that one felt an involuntary awe in speaking to her. I discovered afterwards what it was. In the face before me there was no hope; there was patient endurance written in every feature—in the clear sad eyes and the sweet sad lips—but there was no hope. She seemed as though she had struggled long and heavily, but had given in at last. She did not smile at other girls do, with a light in the eyes and a dimpled curve in the lip—there was no heart in her smiles. The very way in which she folded her little hands indicated the manner of one who knew what it was to feel resigned. I could have well imagined that, if I had told her that I had already concluded an engagement, no line or shadow would have deepened on the patient face—she would have gone out from me as quietly and hopelessly as she had entered.

"You are very kind, madam," she said, "to consent to see me. I am behind the time named."

I told her that it was of no consequence, that I was quite at leisure, and, as I had not succeeded with any of the other applicants, that I was pleased she had applied. A few kind words encouraged her. She said that she believed she had the requisite qualifications for fulfilling the duties of the situation. And so she had. I felt like a dunce beside her. She could speak French, German, and Italian; she could play both harp and piano well, and also sing; she could sketch from nature; finally, she could read aloud well—a rare and great accomplishment itself. I wondered how one so young could have found time to learn so much.

"You have had a very excellent education," I said, perhaps rather rudely.

"Yes," she answered; "no expense was spared to make me fit for what I have to do."

"Have you been engaged in teaching?" I asked.

"No," she replied; "this is my first application for a situation."

"You have never taken one before?" I said, in some surprise.

"No," she answered, and a hot flush for a moment colored her pale face.

"I should prefer some one accustomed to the duties of a companion," I said, hesitatingly.

"Try me, madam," she requested; "I will do my best. I shall learn what my duties are very quickly, and try to discharge them faithfully."

That she would I felt sure. Then I explained to her what a quiet, dull life she would have with me, a melancholy invalid. She looked intensely relieved when I told her how little I went into society, and how few were the visitors I entertained. She smiled when I told her what her duties were to be. I could think of nothing except that she must read to me and talk to me, and in a general sort of way be very kind to me. I knew that Morris, my maid, who had lived with me from my childhood, would not allow any interference with her peculiar duties; indeed I have a strong impression that if any one had asked Morris what her occupation was, she would have replied, "Managing her mistress."

"I return to Thorndale shortly," I said.

"When can you come to me, if we arrange matters?"

"If you think I could be useful to you on the

journey," she answered, "I will accompany you."

"You will wish to consult your friends," I said, "before deciding."

"I have no one to consult, madam," she explained, a deep-shadow falling over her face—"I am alone in the world."

So young, so sad, and so lonely! Poor child, I wondered what sorrow had blighted that fair youth, and turned its day into deepest night. All at once it flashed into my mind that I must know her name and ask for a reference.

I gave her my card, and told her that I believed it was customary to give a reference before completing an engagement. She said that the Rev. Mr. Mason, the vicar of the parish where she had lived, had wished her to refer to him as to character and ability.

"That will do," I said, cheerfully; "and now tell me by what name I am to know you—in all probability—future companion."

"My name is Clarice Linden," she answered; but I could not help noticing a slight hesitation before she spoke.

"It is a very pretty and very uncommon one. I will write to Mr. Mason this evening, and, if his reply should be satisfactory, there need be no further difficulty. Will you call again the day after to-morrow about three?"

She assented gladly. I wrote to the Rev. Mr. Mason, and by return of post I received a reply.

The reverend gentleman spoke very highly of Miss Linden. I noticed even then that he made no mention of her family—nor did he allude in any way to her circumstances; but he said that she was a lady who in every sense of the words merited the highest confidence I could place in her. I quite believed him when I recollected the truthful, patient expression on her face.

So, when Miss Linden called the following afternoon, we arranged our little business affairs, neither of us dreaming then of all that would spring from that engagement.

"I returned to Thorndale this evening," I said, "and shall be glad of your society, Miss Linden, if you can be ready so soon."

"I have but to take a cab and bring my boxes," she replied; "then I shall be quite at your service."

We left by the five o'clock train. I am not the most observant person in the world, but I could not help noticing the air of intense relief with which when we left smoky London behind us, my companion threw back the thick veil that covered her face, and leaned eagerly forward, as though to inhale freedom with the fresh air.

"Are you pleased to leave London?" I asked.

The expression on her face was one of mingled pain and pleasure as she answered me.

"I am pleased and pained both; but on the whole I am glad—nay, thankful to get away."

I did not ask why; there was something in the quiet, gentle dignity of her manner that forbade all curious questioning. So, while the train sped on, I sat opposite to her, and watched the light and shade on the fair young face, and wondered who she was and all about her.

Like many other women, I am not inattentive to little things. From Miss Linden's manner I felt sure that she had always moved in high society. There was something about her that I can express by no other word than "thoroughbred." It drew me nearer to her, for, above all other things, I love and prize refinement in a woman—without it, she is simply disagreeable.

Twilight had deepened before we reached the little station at Thorndale. The carriage was waiting for us.

"What a grand old place!" cried Miss Linden, as we caught sight of the Hall through the broad avenue of trees.

"I hope you will like it, my dear," I said, "and find a comfortable home there for many years."

She thanked me so prettily when I showed her the two nice rooms I had had prepared. Tears stood in her eyes when I kissed her, and told her that I knew I should love her, and that she must try to be a daughter to me.

I found great comfort in having a companion when the wind moaned through the great trees round the Hall; I no longer fancied that I heard my son's voice calling to me in each wall. I found that the house was brightened by the light of a fair young face, and gladdened by the tone of a young voice.

"I hope you have been particular, my dear Mrs. Thorne," whispered Lady Flogate to me. "In these times one ought to pay great attention to references, and all that kind of thing, before bringing a total stranger into the sanctity of one's home."

Miss Linden was putting some music together at the other end of the drawing-room.

"Look at the sweet face, Lady Flogate," I whispered, "and see if you cannot read sufficient reference there."

But her ladyship shrugged her shoulders, and said—

"I am a practical woman, my dear Mrs. Thorne, and you are—pardon me—sadly romantic. I hardly understand that kind of thing myself."

None the less happily was my companion installed in her new home.

## CHAPTER II.

I grew strangely interested in Clarice Linden. She gave me the idea of one who had naturally a joyous, happy nature; but it seemed now repressed by some great abiding sorrow. When

she was what I called on duty—that is, attending to me, either reading, singing, or talking to me—her face wore an air of busy occupation, never of pleasure or amusement. It was very seldom that a smile rippled over those beautiful lips or lighted up the depths of the sad, dark eyes. But, when off her guard, I have watched often and often the look of brooding heavy care that came like a cloud over her features. I wondered then what the shadow was. I know now.

Four months passed, and we were very happy together. I had become as much attached to my companion as though I had known her all my life. I called her Clarice, and felt almost as much pitying love for her as if she had been my own child. In manners, in accomplishments, in personal beauty, in intellectual powers, she was infinitely superior to any of the ladies in my neighborhood. There was nothing, so to speak, of the paid dependant in Clarice Linden. She was, in every sense of the word, a thoroughly refined lady.

My health improved considerably. Once again I began to entertain my neighbors; but, if ever Clarice could make any excuse to avoid seeing visitors, she did so. It was strange that one so young and so well qualified to adorn society should shun it as she did.

The summer passed, and winter began to draw near. One evening—I shall never forget it—after we had dined together, I asked Miss Linden if she would read the morning paper to me; we had been so busily engaged all day that it had been forgotten.

"Do not wade through it, my dear," I said; "select what you think will amuse me."

She took the paper from my hand and drew a chair near to me. I was lying on my favorite couch near the fire. I saw her turn the paper over and over again to find something that would suit me. I remember closing my eyes and waiting for the first sound of her voice. There were a few minutes of dead silence, and then I was aroused by something that sounded like a moan of unutterable anguish from the lips of my companion. I looked at her in alarm. Every vestige of color had fled from her face—it was ghastly white; and the dark eyes were fixed upon the paper with an agonised look. Something like a moan came from the white lips, and then my companion sat pale and motionless as one dead.

"Clarice," I cried, springing from my seat; "what is it? What is the matter?"

She neither heard nor saw me. I tried to take the paper from her hand, but it was clenched so tightly that I could not remove it.

"Are you ill, Clarice?" I cried again, in alarm. "What is the matter, darling?"

I kissed her white rigid face, and then the dark eyes lost their fixed stare, the lips quivered, the paper fell from her hands.

"Oh, horror, horror!" she cried, clasping her hands before her face.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" I asked. "You terrify me beyond measure."

Then she seemed to recollect herself and looked in my face.

"I beg your pardon, dear Mrs. Thorne," she said; "I have frightened you. I felt very ill—I feel ill now. Will you let me go to my own room?"

"Is that all, Clarice?" I asked. "I thought you had read some bad news."

"My head was giddy," she said; "I seemed to lose both sight and hearing. If you will allow me to leave you now, I shall be well in the morning."

I saw that the poor girl was longing to be alone; every nerve seemed quivering. I kissed her and told her to go and rest.

She left me, but I could not forget the scene; it was no mere physical illness that had blanched her face and deadened her senses. I felt sure that it was more than that. I took the paper and searched it carefully, to see if I could find any clue whatever to her distress. I remember every item of the news.

There was a long political discussion, and an account of a railway accident in which one person was killed and several injured—the name of Linden, however, was not in the list. There was a description of Lady Forrester's fête, the particulars of an execution at Newgate, the trial and sentence of an eminent banker for fraudulent dealing, and the general report of the sessions. I saw nothing more. I read every paragraph carefully, but I gave up the task at last, for I could find no clue whatever to anything which might be likely to cause the scene I had witnessed.

An hour afterwards I went to see Clarice and take her a little wine. I found that she had thrown herself undressed upon the bed; her face was swollen with weeping, and wet with tears. I did not tease her with questions; I saw that whatever her secret might be she wished to keep it. I made her drink the wine, and bade her good night, but I could not sleep for thinking of that white wild face and those dark frightened eyes.

I did not expect to see her in the morning, but there she was, punctual as usual, and ready to attend to my little wants. I did not refer to what had passed. There was something in the quiet, hopeless look of her sad face that forbade all questions. I could only pity and love her the more.

That evening she asked me if I could spare her during the following week to go up to London for a few days. I willingly consented. Until the time of her departure came she was in such a state of nervousness and constant seeming dread that I began to fear she would be really ill. I saw how she tried to control herself and go about her duties as cheerfully as usual, but

she could not succeed. She was away for three days, and when she returned the nervous dread had all disappeared; but in its place there was what seemed to me quiet, hopeless, uncomplaining despair.

"Is it not almost time the South Africa mail was in?" I asked Miss Linden one dull December morning.

"It will be here to-morrow," she said; "I saw something about it in yesterday's *Times*."

Only mothers who have sons in a distant land can tell how I waited for the next morning's post. The letters always came while we were at breakfast. The old butler who had been in our family for twenty years and more looked very grave when he entered the room, the letters as usual on the salver. He laid them by my side, and went out quickly. My heart almost stopped beating when I saw the old man's face, but when I raised the thin envelope and saw a strange handwriting I could neither speak nor move.

Clarice ran to my side and took the letter from my hands.

"Do you see?" I gasped at last. "It is not written in Ronald's hand; there is something wrong. Open it quickly, and see what it is."

To my infinite relief I saw the faintest shadow of a smile on her lips as she read the opening lines.

"It is all right, dear Mrs. Thorne," she said—"at least, nearly so. If you will give over trembling I will read the letter."

It was from my son, although another hand had traced it. He had been severely wounded—shot in the arm—and was ordered home. "By the next mail, dearest mother," he said, "you will have your tiresome boy back again."

It was long before I ceased to tremble, or could realize that my Ronald would soon be with me. I am afraid that during the next few weeks I made everybody in Thorndale Hall very miserable with my anxious fidgeting. I should be ashamed to tell how often I had my son's room arranged, or what preparations I made for him.

He came at last. I dare not trust myself even now to speak much of that time. He sent me word at what hour he thought he should arrive. Clarice begged that she might not be present, lest she should disturb our first interview; but I told her that she had been like a daughter to me, and that her place should not be quite usurped. The dear face that I had kissed and blessed two years ago was near me again, bronzed and handsomer than when we parted. I laid my head on my boy's breast and wept blissful tears. I did not notice just then that he threw only one arm round me; the other, although not amputated, was almost useless, and he knew that he could never use sword again.

When Clarice went away that night Ronald said to me—

"Mother, is that lovely girl really your companion? What a beautiful, sorrowful face! What is wrong with her? Is she an orphan?"

Then I told him that I knew really nothing of the young girl's family or antecedents; I referred to her continued and deep sorrow, and to the little scene over the newspaper, which had impressed me so much. Ronald looked grave for a few minutes, and then he said, with a bright smile—

"Whatever sorrow she may have, mother, is not brought on by her own fault; her face is a very sad one, but is as free from guile as is the face of a child."

In a few days we became accustomed to the presence of my dear boy. Ronald was quite an invalid; his arm gave him much pain. He could not for many days together leave his couch. How proud all the old servants were to wait upon "young master, who had been wounded in the wars"! What we should have done without Clarice I cannot tell. She amused my son as I never could have done; she read to him for hours together; and when twilight deepened, before the lamps were lighted, she would sit at the piano and sing to him with unwearied patience.

Rest and our pure country air soon brought Ronald round again. It was a great grief to him to find that his military career was ended. Although the wound on his arm gradually healed, the arm itself remained almost useless—he could not at times even lift up a book.

As he recovered health and strength our lives became more cheerful. Our neighbors were very kind; they never seemed tired of making up little fêtes and parties to amuse my son. Clarice always tried to escape them. Sometimes Ronald pleaded so hard that she relented and joined us, but that was not often.

One morning, as we lingered round the breakfast-table, Ronald began to read his letters.

"Mother," he said, looking up from one that he was perusing, "could you put up with a visitor for a day or two?"

"What is it?" I asked, only too pleased to be able to gratify him in any way.

"An old school-friend of mine—Frank Travers. Poor fellow, I am grieved about him."

"What is the matter with him, Ronald?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a long tale, mother, and perhaps will not interest you, but he has lost every penny of what was once a handsome fortune."

"How has he managed that?" I inquired.

"Does he gamble?"

"Nothing of the kind. His father died when Frank was a child, and left him plenty of money—his guardian was an uncle. The money was then invested in mining shares which paid a pretty good dividend. His uncle was anxious

to do the best he could for him, and sold the shares, investing the proceeds in the London bank that has lately smashed—Graham & Co.—you know the case, I dare say—the papers have been full of it. All poor Frank's fortune is gone; there will not be one penny left. The banker himself has been prosecuted and sentenced to penal servitude. Frank speaks of coming on Tuesday, if that will be convenient; he can remain only for one night."

How much longer Ronald would have continued talking I cannot say, but, looking round, I saw poor Clarice lying, a white senseless heap upon the ground.

No word escaped her when, an hour afterwards, she opened her eyes and saw me at her bedside; a low moan broke from her lips.

"Dear Mrs. Thorne," she said at last, "I give you too much trouble. I feel so ill, I must go," she continued, wildly—"I am a burden instead of a companion to you."

"Gently, Clarice, my dear," I said; "you shall never leave me. I do not think you are ill—I think you have some great sorrow. Is it not so?"

"Yes," she moaned—"yes—oh so great!"

"Well, my dear, I will not tease you; when you know and love me well enough, perhaps you will tell me what it is."

She clung to me with a despairing grasp. I shall never forget that poor, wistful, quivering face.

"You are very good," she said. "Some day you will hate me."

Then I kissed her, and told her that nothing could alter my love, once given.

All old ladies have fancies, I imagined that Clarice had some unfortunate love affair, and, as she had fainted when Frank Travers' name was mentioned, I thought it possible that by some strange coincidence he might be the hero of her little romance. So I looked forward with something like curiosity to the arrival of my son's friend.

"Will you run away from our coming visitor, Clarice," I asked her, with a smile, "as you do from all others, or will you dine with us, and help to entertain our guest?"

"I will remain with pleasure," she said, "if you think I can be of any use."

I was surprised, for I thought that she would perhaps try to avoid him. I had pictured to myself a romantic meeting, reconciliation, &c. My vanity and faith in my own powers of perception received a severe blow, for I found when Clarice and Frank Travers stood face to face, that they were entire strangers, and evidently met for the first time; so that I had not discovered my companion's secret after all.

Mr. Travers seemed depressed at his loss of fortune; he rallied a little when Ronald said that he thought he could get him a good appointment abroad. He was a simple, honest, open-hearted young man; he told us all about his troubles after dinner; he saw that he had a sympathizing audience, and more than once I saw him raise his handkerchief to his eyes.

"You see, Mrs. Thorne," he said, "I was to have been married in three months. She is a dear girl, and will not give me up now that I am poor; but goodness only knows how many years we shall have to wait."

"It is a scandalous thing," broke out Ronald—"homes broken up, men ruined, and hopes destroyed. I wish I had that banking fellow here—I would—"

"Hush, Ronald, my dear," I said, "vengeance is not in our hands. Clarice, will you sing for us?"

But Clarice had risen, and she was silently quitting the room; and some instinct or other warned me not to call her back.

### CHAPTER III.

The beautiful season came and went, and peace and happiness reigned at Thorndale Hall. Ronald had recovered his strength—that is, as far as he could ever recover it. Something else had come with the summer sunbeams—I had long since seen its shadow creeping on.

It was only another version of the sweet old story told in all times, sung in every clime and in every tongue—the story that sometimes ends in joy and sometimes in madness, and sometimes never ends at all. I saw that my son—my brave, handsome Ronald—had given the whole love of his noble, generous heart to the beautiful sorrowful girl whom I had long looked upon as my own child. I was delighted at it, for the longer I knew Clarice Linden, the better I liked and the more I esteemed her. Her honorable, high principles, her earnest, thoughtful character, and her amiable disposition had endeared her to me.

It had a great charm for me, this quiet watching of the growth of love. I was at times puzzled about Clarice. Ronald's honest ardent love was shown in every word and look; his eyes followed her every movement; he seemed to drink in every word that fell from her lips; he never wearied of watching her fair, sad face—I believe he knew every change in its expression. But about Clarice I did not feel so sure. When she was sitting with me, and Ronald's footsteps sounded in the corridor, or outside the door, I have noticed her cheeks flush and her lips quiver. Once, too, when he was reading that gem of all poetry, the pardon of King Arthur to the fair Guinevere, I saw her eyes fastened on his face with a wistful, yearning look that was pitiful to see. She neither sought his society nor avoided it. She had none of those little playful ways that many young girls seem to think so bewitching. I was puzzled—I could not tell whether Clarice Linden loved my son or not.

"Mother," said Ronald to me one day, his handsome face flushing as he spoke, "I have been wanting to speak to you. Do you not think that it is time I settled in life, as you matrons call it?"

"In plainer English, Ronald," I said, dryly, "you wish to ask me whether it isn't time that you thought of getting married."

"That is it, mother," he rejoined. "I have been thinking about it for some time. You see, dear," he continued, with the air of one about to use a convincing argument, "I have plenty of money; I need not look for fortune in a wife. I have position, and all that kind of thing. I should like to marry for—"

"For love," I supplied.

"Yes, for love. I have made my choice, mother. I hope you will approve it. You must remember that I have been thrown into constant companionship with one of the most beautiful and noble-minded girls in the world. I only await your permission to ask Clarice Linden to be my wife."

"You have it, Ronald, and, if you win her, you will have a fortune in your wife. She is the girl that I should have chosen from all the world for you if the choice had rested with me."

Ronald embraced me most gratefully, and for some minutes we were very happy together.

"Perhaps," he said, "when she is married, and all the world is fair and bright before her, she will get rid of her melancholy—I cannot think that it is natural to her."

Then something like a cold foreboding rushed into my heart. I looked at the bright, animated face before me, and wondered how my boy would bear a disappointment should such be his fate. Ronald, who was watching me, saw my altered face.

"You think she cares for me, don't you, mother? She is always so kind."

I thought to myself that kindness and love were not quite the same thing.

"If she were to refuse me," he continued, "it would be a deathblow to me. I never cared about any one in all my life before; all my love, my heart, my hopes, my wishes are centered in her. So, mother, wish me success."

That I did most warmly. I saw Ronald follow Clarice down the Lime Walk, and I knew that the words which would make or mar his life's happiness were to be spoken then. When the dinner-bell rang, Clarice sent to ask if I would excuse her, and Ronald dined alone with me. I had no need to ask him how he had fared; the brightness was all gone from my son's face; the very tone of his voice was changed. He pretended to eat, but I saw that he could not, and did not press him to do so. When the servants had retired, and we were left alone, he came and threw himself, as he had been used to do when a child, on the ground at my feet.

"Poor Ronald!" I said, gently laying my hand on the chestnut curls that clustered so thickly round his head.

"Mother," he cried, "I cannot understand it. I am sure she loves me. Just for one moment, when I first spoke, there came a light into her face that was almost divine. I asked her to be my wife, and she began to weep so violently that I was alarmed for her."

"But what did she say, dear?" I asked. "We must naturally suppose any young girl would be agitated."

"Ah, no," he said, "it was not that. She shrank away from me, and said, 'Never—no, never!' in such a voice that I cannot forget it. I told her that my life was in her hands, that I did not care to be without her, that you loved her as though she were your own child, and that the dearest wish of your heart was to see her my wife. She gave but that answer—'Never—no, never!' There is some mystery about her. I asked her if she loved any one else, or if in time she could learn to love me. She looked so white and so despairing that I was miserable; but I shall not give her up."

He paused for a few minutes, and then went on—

"No, I shall never give her up, mother. There is a mystery; and I will solve it; there is a secret, and I will find it out. I love her better in her sorrow and sadness than I could love any other; I will live and love her, or die and forget her."

"Hush, my dear boy," I said—"you talk wildly. We must see what can be done. I will speak to her myself, and try if I have any influence."

"Do, mother," he cried. "If she has any trouble, I wish she would confide in us—we could help her. I wish that I could go some-where until it was settled; three days of such suspense would unnerve me."

Before retiring to my own room, I decided to seek Clarice. It has struck me since as strange that, although the young girl was a perfect stranger to us, of whose family or antecedents we were perfectly ignorant, and whose references had been of the vaguest possible kind, yet neither of us for one moment ever doubted her, in spite of all the mystery that surrounded her. As I sat listening to Ronald's footsteps—it seemed as if he would never stop pacing the room—I remembered that I had never heard her mention home or friends, brother or sister, father or mother; that I had never heard her mention her youth or any of the events of her past life; and yet not the faintest shadow of a doubt respecting her ever crossed my mind.

I went to her room, determined to see if there was any hope for my dear son. She did not seem surprised to see me. I drew a chair near the fire, and asked her to come and talk to me for a short time.

"Clarice, my dear," I said, laying my hands

upon the beautiful drooping head, "tell me, is there really no hope for my son?"

"Dear Mrs. Thorne," she answered, "do spare me this; I feel that I cannot bear more suffering."

"It is that we wish to save you from. You would be very happy as Ronald's wife, Clarice; you would not only enjoy all the blessings of fortune, but the truest and noblest heart in all the world would be your own."

She made no reply, but clasped those little white hands of hers together as though holding tightly to some resolution.

"We have been so much like mother and child," I continued, "that you will not mind telling me if you love any one else."

"No," she said, with something like a shudder; "I have never cared for any one."

"Then let me ask you another question, Clarice. If you love no one else, do you not think that in time you might love Ronald?"

She looked at me with her sad, wistful eyes filled with tears.

"I cannot," she murmured; "I must not. Do not torture me so, Mrs. Thorne."

"Think of him a little, Clarice; you are the first he has ever loved or cared for. I believe that every hope of his life is fixed upon you; if you will not try to love him, he will go abroad, and perhaps die there—I shall lose my son again. Oh, Clarice, spare me this!"

Her face had grown white and fixed as I uttered the words.

"I cannot," she moaned, rather than spoke; "I ought never to have come here."

"At least, my dear," I said, "you will tell me why you refuse him. Forgive the question—has any one else a claim upon you?"

"No," she replied, in the same hopeless voice; "I stand alone in the world."

"I wish you would trust me more," I said, almost impatiently; "there seems to me no reason why you should reject my son, yet you do so. Will time change you? If he waits even for years, will you give him hope?"

"I cannot," she cried, springing to her feet; "nothing can alter my determination; I can never be his wife. Pray do not torture me—I cannot bear it."

She looked so wild and so despairing that I could say no more.

"I will leave you then, my dear," I said; "my son must bear the blow like a man. I would have given my life to shield him from it, but he must suffer. I will not tease you again, Clarice, though I am sorely wounded to think that you have not more faith in me."

She kissed my hands, while warm tears rained upon them.

"Good night, my dear," I said; "try to sleep after all this excitement."

As I passed the door of Ronald's room I heard the impatient footsteps still pacing the floor. I went in gently, and put my arms around his neck.

"Ronald," I said, "you must bear it bravely; there is no hope for you."

His dear face grew pale, and he stood quite silent and still for some minutes; then he kissed my cheek, and said—

"I thank you, mother, for trying to help me; I will try to bear it. She may not love me, but nothing can prevent me from loving her as long as I live."

So I left him, grieving sorely for the blight that had fallen on the life of my brave, dear son. I saw that Clarice's refusal was not owing, as I had half hoped, to any girlish bashfulness or fancy; she had some reason which she would not confide to any of us, but which I plainly saw would separate her from Ronald. I little knew, as I lay down to rest that night, what the next morning would bring forth.

### CHAPTER IV.

On the morning after my interview with Clarice, I was half an hour later than usual; indeed, it was nearly ten o'clock when I went into the breakfast-room. Ronald was there reading the papers, but I missed the beautiful face that greeted me every morning with a sweet smile.

"Where is Clarice?" I asked Ronald.

"I have not seen her yet," he replied; "I thought that she was with you."

Before I had finished my cup of tea the butler entered with what seemed to be a thick letter lying on the salver.

"Miss Linden wished me to give you this, madam," he said. "She went at eight o'clock."

"Went where?" I cried, in astonishment, while Ronald looked bewildered.

"Went to the station, madam; I thought you knew. There was no message left. Wells drove Miss Linden, and took her boxes."

I said no more, for I did not wish the servants to have anything to gossip over. When we were alone I opened the letter. To this moment I remember the fearful agitation in my son's face as I did so. I give the letter now word for word as I read it then—

"You will forgive me for leaving you, dear Mrs. Thorne, when I have told you my little story. I have often longed to do so, but the fear that you would despise me sealed my lips. I would have given the world last night, when you spoke so kindly to me, to tell you all; but I was a coward, and dared not.

"I can never be your son's wife; but I love him—oh, yes, as much as he loves me! It is because I love him that I have left the shelter of the only home I have in the world; it is because I love him so deeply, and dread my own weakness, that I have fled from you. When you know all, you will say that I did right in refusing to tarnish the lustre of a name that has never known disgrace."

"I have deceived you in some things. My name is Clarice Linden Graham, and I am the daughter, the only child, of that unfortunate banker whose failure, trial, and sentence were the sole topic of conversation nearly two years ago. He is my father, beloved and revered despite the judgment of man, which has been hard upon him. I will tell you the whole story of my life.

"My father, who was generally considered one of the wealthiest and safest of bankers, had an estate in Kent called Broadmead Hall. It is not very far from London; and it was there that I spent the greater part of my life. I knew little or nothing of the London business, save that it was a very large one, and rendered my dear father a man of great wealth and position.

"My mother died when I was about twelve years old, and my father grieved sorely for her. I believe that he never prospered or did well after his sad loss. I had no maiden aunt—as many girls have—to take her place; but my father engaged a lady who was to be my governess and *chaperon*. He spared no expense with regard to my education. I had masters from town, and those only of first-class reputation. I was brought up as one who would be heiress to a large fortune. My dear father used sometimes to call me his little heiress. Broadmead Hall is one of the finest mansions in the county—it stands in the midst of a well-wooded park. I need hardly tell you that every luxury which money could procure was heaped upon me. I had troops of servants, horses, carriages, costly dresses, and rare jewels while I was still a child. Our home was one of great magnificence and splendor, and I passed a happy childhood at Broadmead.

"I knew that the great homage paid to me was partly because I was considered my father's heiress. I was trained for that; of poverty or want I never heard. They talked to me always of the responsibility of great wealth, and of the necessity of keeping up one's station in society. Heaven help me! I have had to face the world since then without daring to own my name. So years passed on until I was eighteen, and then my dear father declared that it was time I made my *début*. A luxurious mansion in Belgrave was prepared for me, and I enjoyed to the utmost one London season.

"I had many lovers—young Lord Arlington was one—but I was difficult to please; I did not love or care for any of them—I did not know what love was then.

"It struck me once or twice in the midst of my gaiety that my father looked worn and haggard. One evening, after he had been listening to a war of words between Lord Arlington and myself, he kissed me and told me not to frighten all my lovers away, for he should like to see me married and settled soon. I remember the wearied look in his face. I kissed him and said I never wished to leave him, for I should never love any one else half so well. He said that youth must always form new ties, that he might not be always with me. While he was speaking I touched his hand, and it was as cold as death.

"When the season was ended, we went down to Broadmead. I literally danced over the volcano burning at my feet. Some people have forebodings of coming trials—I had none. I was full of life, hope, and happiness. The bright, dazzling world lay before me, and I knew that wealth and station would make me one of its queens. I had no warning—the crash that sent me from a luxuriant home to perfect beggary came all at once—the storm broke in full fury upon my head.

"My father had been staying two or three days at Broadmead. He looked very ill and worn. I thought that he was out of health, but no suspicion of anything being wrong in his business ever struck me. Only one thing puzzled me, and that was his passionate tenderness to me. He had always been the kindest and dearest of fathers—I never remember that he denied me one wish—but during these few last days he could not bear me out of his sight.

"There came a heavy package of business letters one morning, and he said that he must return to London at once. When he got into the carriage, I remember saying at the door, 'I shall follow you soon, dear papa—I cannot do without you.' If I had known then when and how I should see my father next I should have lain down there and then to die.

"I heard nothing for some few days, and then I began to notice strange looks amongst the servants; they behaved so strangely that I could not understand it. I was in the conservatory one afternoon, when a gentleman, whom I knew to be my father's solicitor, entered. He looked very pale and anxious; he tried several times to speak to me, but only stammered something which I did not hear. Dear Mrs. Thorne, I spare you the story which took him long to tell, but which I knew at last. My father had been unfortunate for some years past in his speculations; he had used some trust money that was not his own, and had disposed of some deeds. A rumor of this was spread about; there came a run upon the bank, and of course it stopped payment. The creditors were furious; my father gave up all that he had in the world to satisfy them and meet their demands, but they were enraged at their heavy losses and would show him no mercy. My father, the solicitor said, was now in Newgate on a charge of embezzlement and fraudulent dealing.

"To this moment I recollect the cool sick horror and dread that seized me. I was stunned with the force of the blow—I could neither realize nor believe what had happened.

"Then I learned that Broadmead was no longer my own—that even now it was in possession of my father's creditors. I remember pass-

ing through the hall to my own room. Never had the luxury and magnificence of the place struck me so forcibly before. The thick soft carpets, the silken hangings, the rare pictures, the beautiful statues, the costly furniture—all were before me. The first experience I had of my altered position was in the desertion of my governess. She who had never approached the petted heiress save with deferential smiles and words now rudely asked me to whom she must look for her money. Mr. Cowley, the solicitor, and seemingly the only friend I had left in the world, saved me all further annoyance. He dismissed the servants, and the house was left to the men in possession. Then he kindly offered me a home at his house until my future plans should be arranged. I took with me my plainest dresses—the jewels were no longer mine—and bade farewell to my once beautiful, cherished home. I have never seen it since.

"The mansion in town on which my poor father had lavished such large sums had gone with the rest; there was absolutely no roof under which I could take shelter, save the strange one offered to me.

"The first thing I did was to visit my dear father. Oh, the unutterable anguish of that meeting! He looked aged and worn. I sobbed in his arms while he told me the story of his ruin. I know now that it is an old one, though terrible enough. He had speculated rashly and had lost. Hoping—oh, that fatal hope!—to redeem himself, he went on from one folly to another. He used the trust money, intending to replace it: he disposed of some deeds, intending to redeem them. From one false step he went on to another, trusting blindly that something would turn up, something would happen to set him straight again. Instead of that, affairs grew worse; the trust money was called in and could not be paid; the loss of the deeds was discovered; there was a run upon the bank, and the whole was unveiled.

"I asked my poor father why he had not retrenched years ago, and he said that he dared not do anything which would be likely to draw public attention to his affairs. His sole endeavor was to keep up appearances as a man of wealth and position until the something happened that was to bring things right again. My poor father! To him, whose gray head was bowed in unutterable sorrow before me, I could not utter one word of reproach. I had a small fortune of my own that my mother had left me; it was untouched, and I took the whole of it and placed it in the hands of my father's creditors. I did not reserve one pound for my own use. They were somewhat mollified at that, but the gentleman to whom the deeds had belonged insisted upon continuing the prosecution.

"When the first bewilderment of my grief had subsided, I began to form some plans for my dreary future. I felt thankful then for the education I had received. I resolved to go round amongst those who had been my friends during the past season, and see if I could obtain a situation as governess or companion. Mrs. Thorne, not one door opened to receive me! A few months before, as the petted heiress, they had welcomed me with the warmest kindness; as the daughter of a fraudulent bankrupt, I was not even admitted into the houses where I had once been so welcome.

"My father's trial was delayed from one month to another—there was so much to arrange and inquire into. In the meantime my situation as Mr. Cowley's guest was a most unpleasant one. He himself was always kind, but his wife was a vulgar, unfeeling woman, who made my life a burden to me. I had no money and no means of procuring any. I longed to be with my poor father at the time of his trial, but I saw that I must at once look out for a new home. The rector of the parish promised to help me by allowing me to use his name as a reference; and by Mr. Cowley's advice I called myself by my mother's name Linden. He said I should never find employment if it were known who I really was. I tried for weeks together to obtain a situation, but without success. At last I saw your advertisement, and found a home and the kindest of friends. When I had been with you some little time, you asked me one evening to read the paper to you. In glancing over it I saw an account of my poor father's trial, which had at the last been hurried on. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. I will not dwell upon my anguish, for words cannot express it. My life has been worse than a living death. I went up to London to say good-bye to him. I saw my father, who had been a gentleman, with luxury and wealth at his command, standing before me in his convict dress, his gray head bowed down in shame and remorse. I wonder I did not die in that hour. When I returned to Thornedale, it seemed as though a dark pall had fallen upon the world, and hidden its beauty from me for ever.

"I dare not speak of the time when your son returned; but I remember one day his friend, whom my father had ruined, came to visit him. The keenest sharpest sting of pain that ever pierced my heart was when the man I loved spoke bitterly of my poor erring father.

"You, who love your son so dearly, can understand how soon I learned to love him too; and then the hardest trial of my life began. I saw that he loved me, and that he would one day ask me to be his wife—he, the gallant, noble son of a noble race, I, the penniless daughter of a convict. My heart and my reason were in strong conflict. Life was so cheerless and dreary; with his love, something like happiness would be mine again. But I could not sacrifice him—I could not join my sad, shame-stricken lot with his. From the very love I bear him, I leave him, never in this life to look upon his

face again—never again to hear the tones of that voice that has made my earthly music. Life has been bitterly hard for me; but even the greatness of this sacrifice I am making now deadens its pain. I shall live on the memory of the love that has been mine.

"It may be that when you have read this your kind interest in me will cease. I thank you for the kindness you have shown me, and beg you will forgive me for the deception I practised in coming to you disguised under another name. I shall emigrate to Van Diemen's Land, where my poor father is, and spend the rest of my life with him."

#### CHAPTER V., AND LAST.

After reading that letter, we stood, Ronald and I, looking at each other in speechless amazement. He was the first to speak—

"What a noble girl!" he cried. "And oh, mother, how she must have suffered! Who could have dreamed of such a fate? I will find her," he added, "and bring her back as my wife, if I live. The disgrace does not touch her—she is innocent and noble. Mother, what we have read has not altered your estimate of Clarice—has it?"

I told him "No"—that it had but made me love her more. I could not see why she, poor girl, should sacrifice her life's happiness—surely she had suffered enough.

From that hour my son Ronald devoted his time and energies to finding her. He procured all the assistance that money could obtain. She had said that she would join her father; so his plan was to have all the vessels bound for Van Diemen's Land watched. He remained in Liverpool himself, so as to be always on the spot. We settled that as soon as he had any certain trace of her, he should telegraph for me before seeing or speaking to her himself.

One of the most anxious weeks of my life was the one I spent waiting for that telegram. It came at last, and said that Clarice was in Liverpool. I started as quickly as I could, and before the night ended I was with Ronald. He told me Clarice was staying at a coffee-house, intending to sail by the *Sea Gull*, a vessel going out in three days.

After a few hours' rest we determined at once to go in search of her. I inquired for her at the coffee-house, and was told that she was in her room. I went up, Ronald following me, and rapped at the door. She evidently thought it was one of the servants of the house, for she said, "Come in, Jane."

I opened the door, and had time to look at her before she saw me. Poor child, she sat at the little table writing. The proud, beautiful face was so altered that I hardly recognised it. It seemed faded with constant weeping.

"Clarice," I said, gently, "I have found you again."

She started from her chair, but before I had time to speak again Ronald had clasped her to his breast.

"How cruel you are, my darling!" he cried. "You have said that you love me, and those words bind you to me. You shall never leave me again."

But she murmured something about disgrace, and he broke out again.

"There is none for you, darling; it cannot come near you. You are the noblest, bravest girl in the world. You gave up all you had; you gave your fortune, your jewels, your home, more than was needed to redeem your name. Clarice, if disgrace, such has woman never knew before, were yours, I would rather share it with you than the brightest honors the world could give me."

She tried in vain to stem the torrent of passionate words that fell from his lips.

"If you had said that you could not love me," he went on, "I would have yielded; but you do love me, Clarice, and after saying that, you must not do me the cruel wrong of making my whole life wretched. Why, darling, I would share death with you and think it happiness!"

What could she say? He would not hear one word. He said she was his own, and he would not leave her again.

"What must I do, Mrs. Thorne?" she cried. "You know I ought to refuse him, but how can I?"

"Give in gracefully, my dear," I advised—"do not sacrifice my son's happiness and your own to a quixotic idea of honor. We are the best judges as to whether our name will suffer in alliance with your own. We are proud of you Clarice—you are worthy of all honor and esteem."

Poor child, she yielded at last with a sight of relief that told how great the sacrifice had been. I never admired Ronald more than during his wooing of our beautiful Clarice. Had she been a princess, he could not have shown her more respectful homage. She told us in detail the history of her poor father's fall, and after that he would not allow her to make any allusion to her past sorrows. He sent a letter to the distant land where the erring, sorrowing man dwelt, such as must have thrilled his heart with pride and joy for his daughter's sake; and then at last the hopes of Ronald's life were realised. He brought Clarice home as his wife to Thornedale Hall.

Years afterwards a gray-haired wanderer came there to die—a repentant saddened man, whose only solace in the last few years of his life was the love and care of his compassionate children.

Half the happiness and comfort of these my latter days springs from the loving care and solicitude of Clarice, my dear companion.

#### BEARING THE CROSS.

[Translated from the German.]

The heavier cross, the nearer heaven,  
No cross without, no God within;  
Death, judgment, from the heart are driven,  
Amidst the world's false glare and din.  
O! happy he, with all his loss,  
Whom God hath set beneath the cross.

The heavier cross, the better Christian:  
This is the touchstone God applies;  
How many a garden would lie wasting,  
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes?  
The gold by fire is purified—  
The Christian is by trouble tried.

The heavier cross, the stronger faith:  
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;  
The vine juice sweetly issueth  
When men have pressed the clustering fruit:  
And courage grows where dangers come,  
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

#### UNCLE BOB'S HAUNTED ROOM.

"Whatever are you girls talking about?" I inquired one afternoon, as, entering the drawing-room, I found my two sisters conversing excitedly.

"It's old Uncle Bob," replied Lucie, my younger sister; "if any one likes to make another uncomfortable, it is he."

"What's the matter now?" I laughed, throwing myself upon a couch. "He's a good old fellow enough in his way."

"And has one of the prettiest and most amiable of daughters, eh, Ned?" said my sister Kate, with a roguish smile.

"You are right there," I answered coolly, though feeling my cheeks tingle.

"Then you may find some interest in the contents of her letter, just arrived," proceeded Lucie, with equal slyness.

"A letter from Maud!" I ejaculated, springing to my feet; "what teases you girls are, not to tell me before. Where is it?"

"Where is it, indeed!" pouted Lucie. "It is sent to me, and is 'strictly confidential.'"

"Nonsense! Maud would say nothing she did not wish me to know."

"Yes," laughed Kate—"that she loves you!"

"Bah! she told me that months ago, when I confided to her a similar secret."

"Still you call Uncle Bob 'good in his way,' though he will not hurry to give his permission to your marriage! But, there, don't fret. Here is good news as well as bad. Maud writes that Uncle Bob has at last given his consent—on one condition."

"He has really consented!" I cried, in rapture. "What is the condition? That I turn a Swedenborgian?"

"No; but this. You remember, a year ago, having had an argument with him respecting the existence of ghosts. He maintained the power of the departed spirit to return to earth probable. You somewhat irritated him by treating the idea with scorn, and not only declared your willingness to sleep in the most haunted chamber to be found, but made a very rash assertion that you would 'lay the ghost'—in other words, 'discover the trick.' You nettled Uncle Bob much, to which I fancy you may attribute his lingering consent; for, although he does not believe in ghosts in the vulgar sense, he does in the theory that the air is full of the spirits of the departed, who, finding a mortal *en rapport*, can at times make themselves visible."

"Lucidly put, Kate; but what has this in reference to the condition?"

"Just this. In the house Uncle Bob now inhabits, as you are aware, is, according to his statement, a haunted room, where do one is able to remain an entire night."

"I know it. He swears he took Merton Abbotts because of that chamber alone."

"Exactly. You have often desired to test its ghostly renown, but Uncle Bob has ever denied, declaring he would not be answerable for frightening you out of the little brains you possess."

"True. Uncle Bob is ever complimentary."

"But 'good in his way,' interrupted Lucie, maliciously.

"Well, he says if you now sleep in the room, and 'lay the troubled spirit,' as you declared you could, you may wed Maud directly her trousseau is ready."

"Never!"

"It's true. Here is her letter."

Eagerly I read it, kissed it once, twice, and was so elated that I embraced Kate, and waltzed with Lucie round the apartment. I had loved my cousin Maud some time, and now there was a possibility of soon calling her my wife. Only a haunted room—a shadowy presence—divided us! Uncle Bob, it must be owned, was a strange character. Cynical and sarcastic, he seemed to take pleasure in annoying others, while he hated his opinions to be thwarted. By the way, there he was not singular; I have met many with the same antipathies. Still, I was not wrong in averring he had his good parts, though his attacks were usually levelled at himself.

Perhaps my kinder appreciation of him arose from his being Maud's father. At any rate I

am certain that she was the cause why I deemed a visit to my uncle's one of the most blissful events in Christendom.

As Kate had remarked, Uncle Bob had lately inhabited Merton Abbots, an old rambling country-house, standing in its own grounds, and surrounded by almost a forest of trees, which gave it truly a somewhat supernatural aspect. By invitation, my sisters and I had been asked to spend a fortnight there, and, on the afternoon following the receipt of Maud's letter, we started.

"Well, Ned," said Uncle Bob, his bright gray eyes twinkling and gleaming from beneath his shaggy brows as he raised them from his dinner plate,—"I hear from Maud—you needn't blush, girl—that you are on the *qui vive* to accept my conditions?"

"I am, sir."

"It's a shame," broke out Lucie, backed by Maude.

"My dears, it isn't compulsory," chuckled Uncle Bob. "He can refuse, if he likes."

"But he doesn't," said I.

"Good! Now I propose that we pass the evening telling ghost stories."

Despite feminine protest, Uncle Bob kept his word. He related the most creeping tales he knew; told of corpse-lights and candles burning dim, and capped off by reading the most thrilling and wondrous ghost story extant—Bulwer's "Haunters and the Haunted."

"Well, Ned," he chuckled, glancing at me, when we prepared to separate for the night; "have I shaken your nerves?"

"Not a whit, sir," I answered, staunchly.

"Good! If you 'lay the ghost,' you shall take Maud with my blessing—he, he, he!" he cackled going up stairs. "By the way, should the spirits come it too strong, Ned, I've had the room opposite prepared, to which you can beat a retreat."

"I am sure he has concocted some trick," whispered Lucie. "It's like him. He'll play the ghost himself; but I'll keep a watch on his door."

I laughed at the idea, though I really thought it by no means improbable; and, as composed as ever I had been in my life, entered the haunted chamber.

Now most haunted chambers are large antiquated, wainscoted, and dark, with four-post bedsteads and funeral hangings. This on the contrary, was small, cheerfully papered, with a bright French bedstead. There was nothing ghostly about it.

"I wonder if he is tricking me?" I reflected, as, with a little difficulty, I shut the door.

It closed so exactly, that it could not be easily opened, which assured me that none could enter without my hearing them. Besides this, it bolted inside.

I looked under the bed, examined the walls, and also the window, which was of double glass, like those in law chambers, to exclude the noise from without. It was fastened; no one could gain access by that means, for it looked upon a dead wall, and was over thirty feet from the ground.

Convinced nothing human could take me by surprise, and utterly discrediting the supernatural, I undressed, lighted my night lamp, and went to bed.

"I fancy I see it all," I thought as I laid down. "He imagined he would frighten me into displaying the white feather, and I'd cry peccavi. Not if I know it, when Maud is the prize to be won."

Thinking of Maud, and Maud alone, I fell asleep.

I do not know how long I slept, but suddenly I awakened with the sense of a fearful oppression on my brain, the air felt close and heavy about me, and though anxious to move, to break, as it were, the spell, I seemed to lack all strength to do so.

"What can it be? Am I ill?" I reflected; then abruptly recognising the room, remembered why I was there. "Is it the ghost?" I murmured, trying to smile as I turned towards the lamp. Was it the fault of my eyes, or did it burn blue and dim? Most assuredly it did; its flame was pale and sickly. I was watching it in surprise, when, giving a flicker it went out, leaving me in darkness.

Scarcely had it done so, than a violent trembling seized me, accompanied by increased difficulty of respiration. Did spirits really exist? Was the room haunted? Was I being tricked?

No; I was assured not the latter, for no human power could make me feel as I did; while during the lamp's burning, I had seen the room was just as I had first beheld it. I laid a space, considering. I would have given worlds to move, yet could not. My faculties appeared gone. I felt like one slowly dying from congestion of the brain, produced by suffocation. It was just the sensation Uncle Bob had described all felt who had tried to sleep in that room.

The pain in my head and chest grew at last so intense that I entertained serious thoughts of retiring to the other room, until I recollected Maud.

"What!" I reflected, "beat an ignominious retreat, to be the eternal butt of Uncle Bob, and lose Maud? Never! I'll remain here until morning, though I die!"

Resolutely shutting my eyes, I had recourse to the many modes to court sleep, and, for a space was unconscious. Only for a space. With a violent throes of the body, I again opened my eyes—oh, heaven, to what horror! The darkness around me was no longer a void. It was peopled by myriads of forms, some luminous, others awful, hideous. Wherever I turned, they confronted me, jibbering, wriggling, dashing themselves into my face.

I writhed and groaned, as, ineffectually, I strove to shove them back.

"There are ghosts," I cried, "and this room is the abode of the cursed!"

At the sound of my voice, all vanished, all was darkness. Then, far off, appeared a spot of light. As it approached, it appeared in magnitude, until it grew into a face. But, merciful heaven, what a face! As long as I live, I shall never forget it. Its color was of one risen from the grave—of one who had long been dead. The hue was blue, stony, livid; lips, hair, eyes, were all of the same awful tint. But the most terrible yet was the fearful luminosity it possessed, which, radiating from it, sent a peculiar light around. Slowly, slowly, it advanced, my eyeballs dilating painfully as it did so, though I laid powerless from horror. It reached my bedside, paused, and raised two long, bony hands of the same nature as its face. I shrieked, divining its intent. In vain. With a bound, it was upon me, its bony fingers clutching my throat, its knees dug in my chest, its rolling countenance pressed close, close upon mine.

It was too awful to bear. Uttering a cry, making a violent effort, I leaped up, seized my dressing-gown, pulled open the door, and darted into the other room, where I fell on the bed, panting and almost insensible.

With daylight, the visions of the night lost power, and I felt somewhat ashamed of my retreat, and experienced much nervousness in facing my uncle, though own to a defeat I determined I would not. When I at last ventured into the breakfast-room, Uncle Bob hailed my pale face with a loud burst of merriment.

"By George, he has seen the ghost!" he cried.

The girls, especially Maud, were full of compassion and questions.

"It is nothing," I said, "except that I slept ill, having had night-mare; but"—and I looked at my uncle—"I shall sleep there again to-night."

"You will?" he asked seriously. "You'd better not, Ned."

"With your permission, I will."

"Oh, certainly; but I should advise you not."

I would not admit having seen anything nor, listen to the girls' entreaties for me to abandon the idea of another trial, and that night was once more shut and bolted in the haunted room.

I had, however, no intention to sleep, but to watch until dawn. Lighting my lamp, I sat down on the table, and opened the book I had managed to procure from the drawing-room. I had taken the first to hand, and it proved not very amusing. Nevertheless, I resolutely set to work.

One, two o'clock struck, when finding the light bad, I looked up: the lamp had begun to burn as it had the previous night. The involuntary start I gave also told me that the oppressive feeling had possession of me. Oh, heaven, was that awful spectre again to appear?—those bony hands to be again about my throat? Had I courage to wait? Yes, to win Maud.

Strengthening myself thus, I waited. My brain increased in dizziness. Yes, it was just the same; I could hardly breathe. In a few seconds, I knew the lamp would expire, and I should be in darkness. Going to the window, I drew back the heavy curtains. The moon shone brightly. All without, was bright, cool, fresh. Ah, if I could but breathe it for a space! Why not open the window? Mounting a chair, for the catch was high up, I tried, but the fastening, from rust or other cause, would not move. My brain swam as I got down, and reeling, I fell, coming in such violent contact with the glass, that my elbow smashed not only an inner, but an outer pane too.

My first feeling was regret at the accident; my next rapture; for, kneeling, I literally drank the pure cool, night air that rushed in.

"It is like wine," I cried. "Now can I meet the ghost?"

I rose up. Why, what was the meaning of this? The lamp was burning as brightly as ever. The oppression had gone from my chest. The room was as unghostlike as it had ever been. I stood bewildered, until my eyes resting upon the "Discourse on Mines," an idea flashed across my mind. I pondered, rejecting this explanation of my visions, accepting that, until, with a cry of rapture, I exclaimed, "By jove, I have it! It's a trick, after all—a clever one, and does credit to the knowledge and invention of the perpetrator. But Maud—Maud is mine!"

Having made one or two little alterations in the apartment, I went to bed, and never slept better in my life. When I entered the breakfast-room the next morning, Uncle Bob cried, "Hallo! I say, you haven't see the ghost?"

"Excuse me, sir, I have; and—have laid it!"

"By what means, I pray?"

"By breaking the window, and forcing open the stove register."

"Oh, ho, youngster! then you discovered the trick?"

"That you had so hermetically sealed up the room from the entrance of air," I answered, "that after I had breathed all that was breathable, I was seized with something very like asphyxia, which, by producing suffocation and surcharging the brain with blood, created the fearful visions of last night. I've laid the ghost Uncle Bob, but it was a cruel one."

"Never mind, lad; you're a brick, and most decidedly deserve the prize."

"I have won," I laughed. "Maud," I added, taking her in my arms, and giving her a hearty kiss, "get your trousseau ready, as I shall be married at once; for now I have ventilated there will be no more ghosts in Uncle Bob's Haunted Room."

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**ENERGETIC TEACHING.**—A young student from Wesleyan University, teaching at East Glastonbury, Ct., brutally maltreated one of his pupils, a girl of fifteen years, striking her heavy blows and seizing her by the hair of her head. The citizens were very indignant, and about fifty of them met the teacher in the street at night and mobbed him, but he escaped with a few bruises. The next day he settled with his pupil by paying \$25, and was warned out of the town on pain of tar and feathers.

**A CASE OF SOLAR ATTRACTION.**—It is said by a gossiping correspondent that the late astronomer of Florence, Donati, made the discovery by means of a delicate instrument that the earth is being pulled into the sun. When the transatlantic cable was laid the movement was accelerated. His conclusion was this: That in twelve years the climate of Europe would become tropical, if not unfit for human existence, and that in a few more years this globe which, with all its faults, we love so well would be precipitated into the sun.

**AMATEUR JUSTICE.**—Mr. R. A. Kinglake, J. P., of Weston-super-Mare, advertises in a local paper that he has established a "Court of Reconciliation for the prompt settlement of petty disputes," and that "he will preside every Monday morning, at the Town Hall, to hear and determine in private, and without expense, disputes between persons resident in Weston-super-Mare and its neighborhood. His aim will be not only to do justice, but also to secure the restoration of peace and good-will between the parties. Persons dissatisfied with the decisions will have it in their power to carry the matter into a court of law."

**STRONG IN DEATH.**—Donald McGregor, a notorious sheep stealer in the North Highlands, being at last overtaken by the grim tyrant, was visited by the minister of the parish, whose appearance, however, was by no means agreeable to him. The holy man exhorted the dying Highlander to reflect upon the black catalogue of his sins, before it was too late, otherwise he would have a tremendous account to give at the great day of retribution, when all the crimes he had committed in this world would appear in dreadful array as evidence to his guilt. "Och, sir!" cried the dying man, "and will a' the sheeps, and the cows, and ilka things Donald has helped herself to be there. 'Undoubtedly,' replied the parson. "Then let ilka shentleman tak her nain, and Donald will be an honest man again."

**THE TRUTH ABOUT KOSSUTH.**—A cousin of Louis Kossuth contradicts in a letter to the *Chicago Tribune* the statement that Kossuth is in the impecunious strait the papers have placed him in. He is not compelled to teach for a livelihood, having sufficient means of his own to live upon snugly and pleasantly. His two sons who live with him, are civil engineers, and earn largely more than enough for their own support, and are but too glad to share what they have with their beloved father. He is now seventy-two, and his hair is perfectly white. He is by no means forgotten by his countrymen; on the contrary, though not in accord with the present order of things between Hungary and Austria, he nevertheless enjoys the highest esteem of his countrymen.

**A WAGER.**—The Duc de Feltre has just won by a neck an extraordinary wager. He backed himself to drive his trotter in a light carriage to Lyons before the Comte Philippe de Nevalé would reach the place on his velocipede. The distance was 356 kilometres, or 222½ miles. The distance was run in 60½ hours, and was won by a neck by the Duc de Feltre, who drove into the courtyard of the Grand Hotel at Lyons just two minutes before the count rattled in on his velocipede. The first day's journey was 80 kilometres, or 50 miles; the second was 104 (65 miles), and the last day both competitors ran 172 kilometres, or 107 miles. Neither the horse nor the man seemed much beat by the long race, and the Count is still so confident that he offers to back himself for a thousand louis over the same course again.

**SELF-DESTRUCTION.**—There are, on an average 400 cases of self-destruction per annum, costing the Paris municipal budget a mean sum of 400 francs each on account of medical fees, apothecaries' bills, burial expenses, and rewards. The suicides, unhappily, being at present rather prevalent, are original. One at Passy revealed an unfortunate who destroyed himself by drinking sulphuric acid; he was in good circumstances, had a weakness to dress himself in threadbare garments, for which he atoned to society by purchasing his winding sheets in advance. A John Anderson and his wife, both nearly eighty, committed self-destruction by stuffing wadding steeped in chloroform into their mouths, after previously lighting a pan of charcoal. They asked, also, pardon of society, and begged to be buried in a common coffin, and in their ordinary clothes. He was a banker. Indeed, between flights and suicides, Paris will not have a banker left.

**ANTHROPOPHAGY.**—Anthropophagy and its origin find an ingenious explanation from the pen of M. Joulin, a Parisian doctor. M. Joulin holds that in the primitive ages, when man was unprovided with weapons, he satisfied his carnivorous appetite with the weakest of his brethren, as being less capable of resistance than the beasts of the field. As civilisation crept on, members of a tribe ceased to eat their own people, but chose those of some different community whom they might have been able

to overpower. By-and-by, when weapons of defence and attack came into use, men found their own race more difficult to overcome, and accordingly turned for their daily nourishment to animals as less capable of defending themselves by artificial assistance. From this M. Joulin argues that to kill one's own kind from hunger, and for the victor to eat the vanquished, was quite natural and excusable.

**YOUNGER BROTHERS' FATE.**—It is related that an English lord, on an adventurous journey in the East, was received by the chief of a large tribe which trade had brought in contact with Great Britain. The barbaric potentate was unsparing in attentions to his distinguished guest. The lord was quite unable to understand why so much pains had been taken to honor him. His entertainer finally threw light on the subject by remarking that the English custom for keeping the aristocracy strong and powerful was similar to their own. "With us," he continued, "we put to death all the younger brothers; you degrade them and leave them to starve. It accounts to the same thing—concentrating power in one at the expense of the rest of the family. But you perceive our practice is far superior to yours, and I have no doubt your king will adopt it at your recommendation."

**A ROSARY OF GLEES.**—An epistolary curiosity written by General Oliver, of Salem, includes the following extraordinary combination of song titles: "'Friend of My Soul'—'With glad delight and joyful heart,' will I join my 'Comrades dear' of the 'Tuneful Choir' in 'Undisturbed song of pure concert,' and 'Harmony Divine,' and led by 'Glorious Apollo' 'Strike again the lyre,' and 'Loudly sound the golden wire' for the dear sake of pleasant 'Auld lang syne.' Ah, 'Friend of my soul,' whither have fled those 'Happy days,' 'The days we never, never more shall see?' How often 'In this lonely vale of streams' do I think of them, 'In tears, with heart oppressed with grief,' and 'with earnest longing of a sorrowing soul,' again do 'I wish to tune my quivering lyre,' 'Ah! well-a-day!' 'Are those white hours forever fled,' 'That led me up the roseate steep of youth,' when 'All by the shady greenwood tree,' while 'The radiant Ruler of the day,' the 'Sun, was up,' and 'When winds breathed soft along the silent deep, I heard the 'Foresters sound the cheerful horn,' and bade a 'Welcome to the sons of harmony.'—Ah! yes, dear Jack,' how often 'When the moon shines bright, in the clear cold night,' 'Sad memory brings the light of other days around me!'"

**THE SECRET OF ECONOMY.**—A good paradox is sometimes refreshing especially if it be as reasonable as one just given to the world by a French dramatic author. At the moment when most households are convulsed by questions of economy, and the lavish expenditure of housekeepers or cooks is a matter for regret and perplexity, this audacious person stands up for extravagant cooks. He has, however, some excuse for the immoral eccentricity. Having lately engaged a cook, and being accustomed to verify his expenses daily, he soon perceived that his new acquisition was saving for him at the rate of 50 per cent. The fowls she supplied, according to a system of housekeeping in use abroad, were charged at half the price demanded by her predecessor, and every other item in her housebook was equally moderate. She was besides an accomplished artist. Thus, supplied with excellent dinners at the lowest possible price, the dramatist's satisfaction with his household arrangements was at its height, when a Commissioner of Police, followed by several of his subordinates, appeared to arrest his domestic treasure. She proved to be one of a gang of women employed by an association of thieves to gain the confidence of householders by a combination of economy and culinary skill, with a view to the introduction of their male confederates into their master's dwellings by means of keys made from wax models taken by themselves. Her disenchanted employer means to look out for a cook who will rob him above board.

**CHARACTER OF DOGS.**—Some very painful evidence affecting the character of dogs was given on Wednesday in a poaching case heard by the Leamington magistrates. Trained dogs, it seems, are let out to poachers at a shilling a night. These unprincipled animals, it was stated, had quite lost all feeling of attachment to one particular person, and will go out with anybody provided he carries rabbit-nets. This is a sad falling off from the dog of old days, whose habit was to stand—

"With eye upraised, his master's looks to scan,  
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man,  
The rich man's guardian and the poor man's friend,  
The only creature faithful to the end."

Thus sang the poet Crabbe, who would sing to another tune had he witnessed the degeneration of dogs which has taken place since he sketched them in these glowing colors. There is something, too, inexpressibly low in following any one merely because he carries "rabbit-net." It would be degrading to the dog to leave his master even to follow any one carrying a boar-spear or other deadly weapon to be used in combat with a dangerous beast; but that a dog should have so lost his self-respect as not to be able to withstand the temptation of going with a stranger bearing a net to trap a weak-minded and diminutive creature like a rabbit is almost incredible.

**PREMATURE.**—Mr. Rudolphe Lehmann has completed for the Baron Julius de Reuter a large portrait picture, designed to commemorate the ratification of the Persian concession. Baron de Reuter is represented seated at a table, surrounded by about a dozen life-size full-length portraits of the chief contracting parties. A portrait of the Shah hangs on the wall of the room. It will serve a memory of the past, the Shah having revoked the Persian concession.

**MERIMEE'S "UNKNOWN."**—Referring to Merimee's "Lettres à une Inconnue," an editorial in the London *Daily Telegraph* says: "The Parisians are interested to learn the name of Merimee's correspondent. Who is the 'Inconnue' to whom he writes, some times as a lover, sometimes as a Platonic friend, sometimes like a teacher or an elderly relation, but always with the deep affection which often dwells in reserved natures? He was known to have had several devoted female friends, and romantic stories are told of his attachments; but the gossip of Paris is baffled to find out the name of the lady to whom he wrote for more than twenty years. It is clear that she is an English woman, but that is all we know about her. M. Taine, who has written fine a preliminary essay on Merimee himself, and who may be called the editor of the book, knows as little of the clue to the mystery as the readers. M. About, in a letter to the *Athenaeum*, says that on his death-bed Merimee gave his executor four mourning rings, with instructions that they should be sent to four ladies, and one of those ladies is the heroine of the epistle; but the sanctity of his office forbids the executor to say more. The publishers, it was said, were so eager to learn the name that, finding it written on one of the manuscripts, and carefully defaced with ink, they had employed chemical means to reach the hidden words, and an English lady was mentioned as the result of the discovery. But the publishers indignantly deny that they have been guilty of such dishonorable conduct, and it is said that they intend to prosecute the libeller. So the dinner-tables and the literary gatherings of Paris are baffled. M. About tells us, indeed, that M. Alexander Dumas, fils, who resents mysteries which he himself cannot fathom, half suspects this 'Inconnue' to have no existence, and Merimee to have written the letters for the deliberate purpose of mystifying posterity."

**BRAZILIAN WOMEN.**—A Rio Janeiro correspondent of the Providence *Journal* declares that handsome women are rare in Brazil, and adds: "The face is generally very plain, and often ugly, and I really believe that because the lack of comeliness is so frequent it is not truly apprehended. The complexion is generally sallow, never clear and fresh, and by no means improved by the abundant use made of cosmetics. If any single feature deserves notice it is the eyes, and yet these do not possess that quality which makes even the plainest eye brilliant; there is no soul looking at you or speaking to you through them. Childhood seems to cover the whole period of physical beauty, and some of the children are most interesting; yet even then the habits and tastes of ignorant and commonly negro nurses are fixed, in place of the impressions of a mother's careful training, and the example of a mother's devoted life. The excessive vanity of girlhood, which seems to be encouraged by the parents rather than restrained; the gratification of the palate with all manner of sweets and condiments; the entire absence of any physical exercise; and, what is more, nothing but weakness inherited, cannot assure any perfect womanliness. Foreign ladies who teach in the schools (private and select schools) have told me that school-girl life in Brazil is in a most lamentable moral condition. A knowledge of French, music, and dancing is all that is considered worth obtaining, and then until marriage—which doesn't come at all to many of them, or if it does come is an arrangement of the parents, and simply changes the place of idleness—they wait, doing nothing, week, month, and year, nothing; they neither study, nor read, nor sew, they do nothing. In the forenoon, in a state of slothful *dishabille*, they dawdle and lounge around the house; in the afternoon they look out of the windows; and this is a national custom, most striking to a stranger, to see them, white and black, high and low, educated and illiterate, hanging out of the windows through the afternoon; indeed, the window seats are filled with cushions that the arms may not become bruised by the continual leaning upon them. In the evening, dressed—and I really believe the taste displayed would give madame Demorest convulsions if not paralysis—they sit and sit, and do nothing else again. Sometimes they speak, and it's wonderful what commonplaces can be uttered and how little can be said when the Brazilian mouth does open. So far as female employment is concerned, does a Brazilian girl labor for her support? No, indeed! She would rather have but one dress and turn it on holidays. Her father would sell his shirt first, and then button up his seedy coat. Her mother would die of mortification. And so they live poor and vain, aping an aristocracy by mock attempt at show, the cheap and tawdry emptiness of what is ridiculous. The wealthier, and not less vain, are surrounded with an atmosphere of frigid *hauteur*, through which only members of the clique have the courage to attempt to penetrate. The Brazilian woman develops and matures young, and becomes old while still young. Her moral sensibilities become obscured by the life which exists about her and into which she may possibly at time get a glance through the customs of her father or her brothers."

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**TO OBTAIN SKELETONS OF SMALL ANIMALS.**—The most easy way is by burying them for a few weeks, when the bones will be found beautifully cleaned by the worms. They have then to be fixed together by wire. A natural skeleton may be easily made by removing all the soft parts, macerating in water for a short time, and cleaning with a knife, so as to leave the bones attached by their own ligaments.

**BREAD AND WATER POULTICE.**—Scald out a basin, for you can never make a good poultice unless you have perfectly boiling water; then having put in some hot water, throw in coarsely crumbled bread, and cover it with a plate. When the bread has soaked up as much water as it will imbibe, drain off the remaining water, and there will be left a light pulp. Spread it a third of an inch thick, on folded linen, and apply it when of the temperature of a warm bath. When vegetables—as carrots, horseradish, and others—are used to medicate poultices, they should be bruised, put into a pot, covered with water, and simmered for about half an hour. The juice is then to be strained off and mixed with bread and water or linseed meal, to the consistency of a poultice. The poppy fomentation may be used with bread or meal in the same way.

**STARCH FOR THE LAUNDRY.**—This requires some care and attention. The best vessels to make it in are those of brass, bell-metal, copper tinned, or earthenware pipkins. If starch were made in a tin saucepan, it would be a chance if it did not burn; an iron saucepan would burn it black; it would be discolored by copper, if the inner surface of the vessel were not tinned. The very best vessel for starch-making is a bell-metal skillet. Mix the starch with cold water till it is of the consistency of common paste, carefully pressing abroad all the lumps; then pour upon it boiling water, in the proportion of a pint to an ounce of starch. If the starch is pure and without blue, add the quantity of blue necessary to give it the proper tint, to the boiling water before it is poured upon the starch, which is effected by putting the blue into a flannel bag, and letting the water dissolve a sufficient quantity. Set the skillet over the fire, and stir the starch with a clean wooden spoon. When the starch has boiled up, remove it from the fire. When starch is required more than usually stiff, a little isinglass may be dissolved and mixed with it after it is removed from the fire.

**PREVENTIVE TREATMENT OF THE DISEASES OCCASIONED BY THE USE OF LEAD.**—There are more than forty trades which are injurious to the health of those who work at them, all having poisonous effects, which are not unfrequently fatal to life. The worst of all are those in which a chemical preparation of lead forms the basis of the manufacture, such as litharge, white lead, minium, &c. &c. Melting and flattening houses, shot manufactories, type foundries, the application of the various preparations in potteries in glasshouses, of the salts of lead in painting and building, the pulverization of colors, the dyeing horse hair stuffs black, polishing, &c. &c., all employ a considerable number of workmen, who are exposed to the action of large quantities of volatilized poisonous matter, in the form of vapor, dust, or solution. The absorbing surface of the body comes in contact with these pernicious substances, which are taken up with increased rapidity as the frame becomes excited by labor. Thus most of the unhappy artisans whom necessity forces into these pestilential workshops, come to the hospitals after a few months, or even weeks, with every symptom of the worst cases of poison. They are generally attacked by violent cholera, which, if it be not fatal, is followed by extreme debility, and often incurable paralysis. The less frequent symptoms are epileptic, which, if not immediately fatal, are succeeded by paralysis, mental alienation, cachexy, and weakness, all beyond the reach of medicine. It is an obvious duty, both of superintendents and medical men, to use every effort towards the cure and prevention of these maladies, and it will be useful to make known to the public the preventive treatment which has been employed and approved of by eminent physicians to the hospitals in Paris. This treatment is extremely simple, and only requires the workmen to submit to the following precautions. They are to take two baths of soap and water every week, occasionally adding a little sulphur, and are carefully to wash the uncovered parts of the body with soap and water at every interval between their working hours. They are to drink one or two glasses of lemonade, made with sulphuric acid, every day, according to the greater or lesser quantity of dust, or poisonous vapor, with which the surrounding atmosphere may be charged. At the same time they should be more careful than the followers of any other trade, to abstain from the use of spirituous liquors. The efficacy of this preventive treatment is easily explained by the fact, that the mineral poison absorbed is thus converted into a soluble, and therefore innocuous salt (sulphate of lead), and the saturnine particles deposited on the surface of the body are taken away. The sulphuric lemonade and common soap may be had for a few pence each week; and in the large, and consequently most unwholesome, establishments, the condensed water from the steam engines, now thrown away, may be advantageously employed for the baths. The proprietors would find an immense advantage in providing accommodations and ingredients for this purposes; as by these means they would be able to retain experienced workmen, instead of suffering the annoyance of a constant succession of inexperienced hands.

## HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

It is remarked by a would-be philosopher that some people are wise one day and otherwise the next.

CAN anybody explain why late comers and early goers at popular lectures invariably have creaky boots?

AN opened letter at the dead letter office read as follows;—"Seven years is rather long to kort a gal; but ile have you yit, Kate."

WE understand that respectable washerwomen in Denver now decline to work for persons who are mean enough to mark their linen, and thus not only show a want of confidence, but give the trouble of sorting the things.

THE engineer of one of the largest dockyards, of Spain—a Scotchman—some time back ordered several wheelbarrows to be made. The vehicle, it may be mentioned, is unknown in the Peninsula. The first one made was brought in the yard for inspection, carried by four men, two holding the wheel, and one at each shaft!

THE caution of the New Englander in giving an answer to a direct question was illustrated to me, says a correspondent, the other day, when I asked an Eastern friend of mine, whose family were not noted for very active habits, "Was not your father's death very sudden?" Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket, and pulling down his beard, the interrogated cautiously replied, "Wa'al, rather sudden for him."

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS sometimes "enlivens the tedium of legal proceedings with a little honest hilarity." A few days since in court he had before him the case of one Colonel Price, who had separated from one wife, been divorced from a second, and was abandoned by a third. Wife No. 3 was claiming alimony, and the judge, in stating how matters stood, remarked that "the third wife went out of her own motion, without money and without Price." It was the best the judge could do with it.

"AN effeminate man," says a recent writer, "is a weak poultice. He is a cross between table-beer and ginger-pop with the cork left out; a fresh-water mermaid found in a cow pasture with her hands filled with dandelions. He is 'tea-cupful of syllabub; a kitten in trowsers; a sack monkey with a blonde mustache. He is a vine without any tendrils; a fly drowned in oil; a paper kite in a dead calm. He lives like a butterfly—nobody can tell why. He is as harmless as a pennyworth of sugar-candy, and as useless as a shirt-button without a hole. He is as lazy as a slug, and has no more hope than last year's summer fly. He goes through life on tip-toe, and dies like Cologne-water spilled over the ground."

"THE irrepressible joker at the Banks Club, the other day," says "After Dinner," "while toasting up his oysters with pepper from the caster, observed to the waiter that 'the pepper was half peas.' 'Oh, no,' said the polite attendant, 'that it is the best sort of pepper.' 'Well, I tell you is half peas; call Mr. Mills.' That gentleman came, and the joker remarked, 'I always expect to get the best of everything in this house, but this pepper is half peas.' 'That can't be so; we take especial pains to procure it, and have it ground in our own mill.' 'Well, it is so, I can prove it.' 'If you can I should like to have you.' 'Well, John, you just spell it.' And the amiable proprietor retired with a sweet and gentle smile on his benevolent face."

JOSH was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore that they saw him steal it. A wag, having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain arose and addressed him as follows: "May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it." The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said, "If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner. Clear the room!"

THINGS I DO NOT KNOW.—Why people who are "thankful that it isn't any worse" are not proportionately wrathful that it's as bad as it is.

Why a man who writes a purposeless letter commonly begins by apologizing for not having written it sooner.

Why a man who subscribes himself "my humble obedient servant" gets angry if requested to clean my boots.

Why people who profess the most absorbing interest in the weather never attend to what I have to say about it.

Why women whose "own hair" I am privileged to inspect have, as a rule, recently recovered from fever, since which the hair has not been so luxuriant as before.

Why men who are fond of intellectual battles, combats of wit, etc., don't make good soldiers.

Why pretty women prefer to kiss one another on the cheek, and why they don't kiss oftener.

What truthful answer to make when a small child asks me, in the presence of its mother and the young ladies, if I ever let my little girl ride on my back, like I was a pony.

What to do when I have told something to Jones as having happened to myself, and then remember that I had the story from him. Whether it is worth while to do any thing.

How to prevent a man from discovering that I don't know his name, who comes up and shakes hands with me, and evidently expects an introduction to the friend I am talking with.

How to retain the confidence of a friend who asks me for a small loan, if I have not the money.

How to ascertain if my purse is safe when talking to a beggar, without exciting false hopes.

I call on a friend to tell him it will be impossible to keep my appointment to dine with him. Ignorant of the object of my visit he, to my intense relief, asks that another time may be appointed, as he has recollected a previous engagement. I then foolishly counterfelt regret, but of course excuse him. Suddenly he finds he has not made a previous engagement, and is delighted that we can carry out the original intention—How to get out of it?

## OUR PUZZLER.

### 65. ENIGMA.

At fairs and fêtes, in various states,  
I'm seen at the place assign'd me;  
And men of renown, when in a strange town,  
Ere this have been glad to find me.  
'Tis very true, what I tell you,  
That I've caused a great sensation:  
If your sister dear I married, 'tis clear  
I then should be your relation.  
You often read of me in a deed;  
And, perhaps, on the day of your marriage,  
When from church you rode to the bride's  
abode  
To lunch, I was seen with the carriage.

### 66. TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Alas thos(e) chimes, T. Hirdy; 2. For U.,  
one rich in life, yet calm; 3. Loudly be let go;  
4. Tell Etail to mend thy shoe; 5. Man is proud.  
Fan, but pledged.

### 67. PUZZLE.

One thousand and one,  
And the half of a hundred,  
Will name little rascals  
Who often have plundered.

### 68. CHARADE.

In a play (Shaksperian)—really, to give  
No nearer clue I durst,—  
'Tis asked by a courtier, "What do you read!"  
And his highness replies, "My first."  
You'd never have puzzled your brains o'er this,  
If the editor wise had reckoned  
(That terrible critic of prose and verse)  
That this riddle possessed not my second;  
And my whole is the name  
Of a poet of fame.

### 69. CHARADE.

Round the first we're yearly taken,  
Or I'm very much mistaken;  
And from which it may be reckoned  
What is the right time of second,  
A second is my whole to rest,  
And of all others 'tis the best.

### 70. PUZZLE.

Put down a thousand, a hundred, and one—  
The meaning you'll readily seize  
If a letter you add. Now, when that is done,  
Guess something that comes after cheese.

### 71. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

Son and 11; O pay, 1,051; a thornu, 102; re-  
pent, 102; neap, 51; part, 2,000; poet, 1 H;  
say sure and 100.

The initials name a famous philosopher; the  
finals name his wife.

### 72. CHARADE.

Round my second climbs my first,  
Higher every hour;  
Still clinging round my whole, 'twill burst  
Into a beauteous flower.

## THE TOY AGE.

When does the toy age really cease? Look at the rich man with his establishment; what is it but a bigger box of toys? The tin coach grown up big; the horses become alive; the box of sheep and cows developed and better made, able to walk and bleat, and low; the trees able to stand more firmly than those old avenues, whose trees were all of that one peaked shape with the green ringlets up them; the toy ship grown into a yacht; the box of dinner things, with the varnished provisions immovable upon them, exchanged for grand dinner parties; the doll passed into a wife, the baby into a nursery. Ah, sad if the command came to lay by these in a box and, to put them on a shelf in Earth's great cupboard for our broken toys. Well, we grant you it would be a poor way to consider of things, to look at these things only as toys, only as ministers for amusement, and stays for the whim of the hour. But it is certain that they who look not beyond this brief life do thus consider of them, do thus employ them. The toy age continues all the life long, though the child's heart goes soon.

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## A TREMENDOUS SELL.

*Fidgety Old Bachelor (who hates Juvenile Parties, and has come two Hours later than he was asked, so as to avoid the Children). "So SORRY TO BE LATE—I'M DREADFULLY AFRAID I'VE MISSED ALL THE DARLING LITTLE ONES!"*  
*Lively Hostess. "O DEAR, NO. OUR SUPPER HAS BEEN PUT OFF TWO HOURS. THE DARLING LITTLE ONES ARE HAVING TEA, BUT THEY'LL BE DOWN DIRECTLY FOR 'SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'; SO YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO HELP US CLEAR THE ROOM, AND JOIN IN A REGULAR ROMP!"*



## AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.

(ONE THAT MIGHT BE DISPENSED WITH.)

*Gloomy and Dissipated Youth (who has discovered that Life is not worth having). "I HOPE I SHAN'T BE ALIVE AFTER THIRTY!"*  
*Unsympathetic Elderly Party. "IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR NECESSITY THAT YOU SHOULD BE ALIVE TILL THIRTY!"*



## "SO UNREASONABLE TO HAVE ASKED HIM"

*Humane Old Woman. NOW, MR. POPPOM, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT GOOD IS GOT BY SHOOTIN' DOWN THEM BIRDS!*  
*Inhuman Mr. P. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "WHAT GOOD?" OH! THERE'S A GOOD IN IT, YOU MAY TAKE MY WORD. THOUGH I'M SHOT IF I CAN TELL YOU WHAT IT IS JUST THIS MINUTE.*



## A DREADFUL CASE FROM THE SEASIDE.

*What ails this interesting Invalid—her cheek is pale? Poor drooping flower! There is really nothing the matter at all, only she has not been used to the Invalid Business long, and it has brought on a bad attack of Pins-and-needles.*



## REBUTTING EVIDENCE.

*Wife.—"BUSINESS, INDEED! SO YOU SAID LAST WEEK, WHEN COOK ACTUALLY CAN SWEAR SHE SAW YOU COME OUT OF JONES'S SALOON!"*  
*Husband.—"NOW—(hic)—BE CAREFUL, MY DEAR GAL! 'CAUSE I DON' CARE RAP'ABOUT DATES! I SHALL 'PLY FOR A 'JOURNMENT, AN' CALL TWO FREN'SH O'MINE,—BOTH ABROAD PRESENT TIME—(hic)—AN' THEY'LL SHWEAR NEVER SAW ME GO INT' JONES'S AT ALL!"*  
*[Tries to go to Bed in his Boots.]*



## SCIENTIFIC.

*Languid but Learned Swell. NO, FACT IS, I'VE NEVER DANCE. FIND PHYSICAL EXERCISE BAD FOR BRAIN. GOING RATHER DEEP INTO NATURAL HISTORY—AW—*  
*Ignorant Little Creature. WHAT DO YOU MEAN! ARE YOU KEEPING RABBITS!*